

# POEMS,

BY THE LATE

Mr. STEPHEN CHATTERTON, of Willenhall;

CONSISTING OF

ELEGIES, ODES, and SONGS;

*WITH VARIOUS OTHER PIECES,*

POLITICAL and HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL and  
DESCRIPTIVE.

*To which are added, in Prose,*

STRICTURES on the late BIRMINGHAM RIOTS,

*Written in the ancient Eastern Dialect,*

*—“ And it came to pass,” &c. &c.*

---

TO lash the follies of the age;  
With venal statesmen war to wage;  
In Freedom's cause, both warm and true,  
Firm to her sons, our Author view.  
'Gainst lawless mobs, and riots dire,  
His soul indignant, see, takes fire!  
Nor spares the men, deem'd base and mean,  
Who acted here behind the scene.  
To light up Mirth in social glee,  
The well-tim'd Ode, and Song we see;  
While Wit and Humor genuine shine  
In ev'ry page, in ev'ry line.  
Would you the Author further know,  
Peruse his Works—the Man THEY shew.

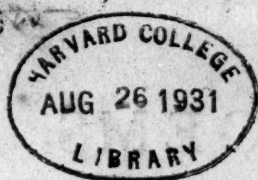
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN every literary work it is generally expected to give the reader some motives for its publication, as well as an account of the matter contained in it. To satisfy him herein, the motives are three: First, to fulfil the author's desire, it having been his often declared intention of favouring the public with his productions himself, had he lived a short time longer. Second, it was considered that such valuable compositions ought not to be concealed, or that the public should lose the benefit and pleasure to be derived from the perusal of them. Third, and principally, the intention is to raise thereby a small contribution to his very worthy, and justly respected widow; who in the original address written by Mr. Chatterton, her husband, in the following words she will thankfully receive.

“ Should she on the present occasion fortunately experience the patronage of her particular friends, as well as of a generous and indulgent public, she humbly begs leave to assure them, that she will joyfully embrace any opportunity which may offer, of testifying her warmest gratitude to every person who has honoured her with their names for her revered husband’s works,” &c.

Respecting the matter contained in these valuable pieces of literature, the reader will best judge of their merit by the perusal of them, the following being a Table of their Contents.

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**POEMS, &c.**


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**PEACE:**


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---

**AN INVOCATION!**


---

**COME, PEACE**, pure virgin of the sky,  
 With healing on thy wings descend;  
 Blest harbinger of truest joy,  
 Come — and thy sacred influence lend!

Fell War, and all his horrid train,  
 Ambition, Pride, and deadly Hate,  
 O let them evermore remain  
 Fast bound, and firmly fix'd by Fate.

Pale Famine with her eager eye,  
 With bones just starting thro' the skin;  
 Hence, bid the haggard monster fly,  
 And never here again be seen.

**B**

Bid Commerce rear her drooping head,  
 Bid Plenty ope her liberal horn, —  
 Raife Public Spirit from the dead,  
 And bid her Public Men adorn!

So may thy reign thro' Time extend,  
 Beyond the ken of mortal eye;  
 The Nine shall hail thee as their friend,  
 And Freedom join the general joy!



ODE

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

WITH joy the empyrean rings,  
Hark! hark! a raptur'd Seraph sings,  
All hail to this auspicious morn,  
On which the Prince of Peace was born.  
On earth descends th' extatic sound,  
And all the christian world around,  
In sacred songs of grateful praise,  
With one consent their voices raise,  
To the Almighty and eternal ONE,  
Who sent, as on this day, th' immortal SON!

When Israel's chiefs in days of yore,  
War's proudest trophies fondly wore,  
Fair Salem's nymphs in lofty lays,  
Delighted, sung the victor's praise;  
But now the din of war shall cease,  
The world be hush'd in softest peace,  
The wolf shall with the lambkin feed,  
A child the gentle lion lead,  
The hateful reign of SIN and DEATH shall end,  
And man in man shall meet a lasting friend.

THE

## WALSALL BEAUTIES.

THE matchless deeds of heroes and of kings,  
 Immortal Pope in lofty numbers sings;  
 While all that can reform and charm the mind,  
 Appears in Gay, the darling of mankind.  
 Of things profound did sacred Milton tell,  
 The fight of Angels, and the birth of hell;  
 How daring Satan wing'd his dreary flight  
 Through gloomy Chaos, and the realms of night.  
 How great the theme! To such my tim'rous muse  
 Aims not t' aspire; but humbler, far, pursues.  
 Of jocund Walsall, and the matchless maids,  
 Who with their presence bless its happy shades,  
 I sing. Unpolish'd tho' my numbers are,  
 With candour blame, because my utmost care  
 Will be to please; and not t' offend the fair.

From Digbeth see, with what a noble mien,  
 Fair NEVIL comes, to grace the striking scene!  
 Place me the first, the blooming goddess cries,  
 Thou art the first, the willing muse replies;  
 But who can paint thy more than heav'nly charms,  
 Thy easy shape, thy bosom, neck, and arms,



Thy rosy cheeks, thy rapture-darting eyes,  
 Thy ruby lips, which equally surprize ?  
 Was Thompson living, whose descriptive muse  
 By none was equall'd, he'd the task refuse.  
 Digbeth we leave, where foaming waters roar,  
 And cros the Bridge to Park-street's pleasant shore ;  
 Here I, enraptur'd, sprightly DOWNES behold,  
 With killing eyes, and hair of waving gold.  
 Venus herself, if ancient bards say true,  
 Had skin of snow, and locks of golden hue ;  
 Such DOWNES appears, and Envy must confess,  
 Her skill superior in the art of dress.  
 To High-street now th' unwearied muse retires,  
 And WHEATELY'S praise her loftiest notes requires.  
 To sing her worth she'll all her pow'rs employ,  
 And fearless venture on a theme so high.  
 All that can wonder raise, or awe inspire,  
 Or charm the eye, or youthful bosoms fire,  
 In WHEATELY shines; a nymph beyond compare,  
 So learn'd, so good, so gen'rous, and so fair.  
 Thus far she sung, intending next to tell,  
 How her sweet verse the Sapphic odes excell ;  
 When thus methought fair CRADDOCK seem'd to say,  
 " Leave her to Fame, and bring the muse away."  
 As some tall pine, whose lofty head does rise  
 Above the rest, and seems to touch the skies ;  
 So this bright nymph, tho' in the morn of years,  
 In height superior to the rest appears;

Whose mien majestic, and whose graceful ease  
Must love create, and admiration raise  
In age itself; and fire each youthful soul,  
Tho' born in Lapland, or beneath the Pole.

Four beauteous belles in spacious Russiall-street,  
Are yet unsung: so ravishing, so sweet,  
That from their cells might frigid hermits bring,  
A faint subdue, or captivate a king.  
BURROWES, replete with ev'ry winning grace,  
In mind as faultless as she is in face.  
With killing TAYLOR, whose resistless charms  
Each bold observer fills with love's alarms.  
Did I presume the Queen of Love to draw,  
I'd for my model chuse all-conqu'ring HAWK;  
I'd paint the heav'n which in her smile is seen,  
Th' enchanting graces in her face, and mien;  
The melting sweetness of her radiant eyes,  
And ev'ry charm which to the view does rise.  
The beauteous DOLLY JONES, in whom we find,  
A manly sense, with female sweetness join'd,  
Concludes my song. But who can paint the fair,  
Whose matchless charms beyond description are?  
Not her\* who rous'd to arms the sons of Greece,  
Nor great Achilles' mistress, fair Briseis,

---

\* Alluding to Hellen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, whom Paris stole away to Troy, which action caused the destruction of that city.

Nor Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's queen,  
Nor the celestial three† on Ida seen,  
Cou'd equal JONES; in whom the Graces meet,  
The pride of Nature, and of Rushall-street.

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† Juno, Venus, and Pallas, who appeared to Paris on Mount  
Ida.

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EPITHALAMIUM,  
ON THE MARRIAGE OF — PARKER, ESQ. WITH  
MISS HAWE.

THE fawning, flatt'ring, servile ways,  
Which venal poets take to please,  
My honest muse disdains;  
That merit you wou'd fain conceal,  
Plain simple truth can best reveal,  
In unaffected strains.

That dignity, and graceful ease,  
Which fate ordain'd to strike and please,  
In HAWE resplendent shone;  
But who the beauties of her mind  
Can trace? Too great to be defin'd,  
Ev'n Envy's self must own.

Tho' spotless truth and innocence,  
Tho' wit refin'd, exalted sense,  
And honour, some may boast;  
Eclips'd by her superior light,  
Like stars, scarce visible to fight,  
They glimmer, or are lost.



If PARKER's virtues common were,  
Or such as kings, or horses share,  
I'd fearless strike the lyre;  
But 'stead of painting worth like thine,  
A bard, tho' aided by the Nine,  
Wou'd silently admire!

Propitious heav'n, the happy pair  
Defend from grief, corroding care,  
And all their hateful train;  
O let their happiness increase,  
Let calm content, and meek-ey'd peace,  
Delight with them to reign.



*EPITHALAMIUM,*

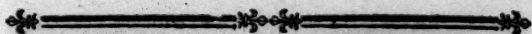
ADDRESSD TO \*\*\*, ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH \*\*\*.

SACRED to Hymen and the god of Love,  
Be ever held auspicious days like this;  
The day when Fate indulgent deign'd to prove,  
And pointed out to \*\*\* the way to blifs.

Did I, like some, by flatt'ry aim to please,  
I'd paint thy nymph possess'd of ev'ry grace;  
I'd vow that verse too feeble was to praise,  
The matchless beauties in her mind and face.

But this low method of each rhyming fool,  
My muse ambitious, stoops not to pursue;  
Be her's the task to shun the ridicule,  
Which praise misplac'd must meet from men like  
you.

Yet had coquettes thy comfort's noble air,  
And graceful shape, so ravishing to view;  
They'd think that Venus ne'er was half so fair,  
Yet these are trivial, and she thinks so too.



For well she knows the beauties of the mind  
 Can charm, when those of person cease to move;  
 In her, without the least alloy, we find,  
 Wit, truth, politeness, constancy, and love.

In thee, O \*\*\*, the manly graces shine,  
 With all that can be worthy to commend;  
 Sense, honour, learning, elegance are thine;  
 Thou gen'rous patron, and thou social friend.

In calm content, in affluence and peace,  
 Long may they live, high heav'n's peculiar care;  
 May each day see their happiness increase,  
 'Till time shall crown it with a virtuous heir.

For well the beauty of the mind  
 Can charm, when those of person cease to move;  
 In her, without the least alloy, we find,  
 Wit, truth, politeness, constancy, and love.

In thee, O \* \* \*, the manly graces shine,  
 With all that can be worthy to command;  
 Sense, honour, learning, elegance and mind;  
 Their generous patron, and their social friend.

In calm content, in affluence and peace,  
 Long may they live, high heav'n a peculiar care;  
 May each day see their happiness increase,  
 Till time shall crown it with a virtuous pair.



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## SONGS.

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### LANGARA'S DEFEAT.

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▲

#### SONG.

---

TUNE—"Thursday in the morn," &c.

---

IN the reign of George, the twentieth year,  
When perjur'd France and Spain our quick  
destruction plann'd;  
While Gib was held besieg'd, no succour near,  
Up rose the guardian GENIUS of the land;  
Who thus prophetic spoke,  
Their schemes shall all be broke,  
Iberia and the Gaul,  
Shall quickly prostrate fall,  
For great revenge, go Rodney try;  
Not afraid,  
He obey'd,  
Bent to curb the haughty Dons, or die.

Now rous'd by foreign wrongs to deeds of arms,  
 Not all the force and fraud of Bourbon shall avail ;  
 A noble thirst of fame each bosom warms,  
 And Rodney's gone to sea with twice ten sail,  
     Well mann'd with dauntless tars,  
     Who did in former wars,  
     Old England's right maintain,  
     As monarch of the main ;  
 Brave Ross and Digby well we know,  
     They are men,  
     Who'll again,  
 Pour destruction on the vaunting foe.

Langara, with his fleet, the pride of Spain,  
 In all the dreadful pomp of war, appear'd in fight ;  
 But found, alas ! to fight would be in vain,  
 So sought his safety in a speedy flight.  
     Bold Rodney his design  
     Perceiv'd, and broke the line,  
     The flying Dons pursu'd,  
     Who quickly we're subdu'd,  
 Langara was a captive made ;  
     Rodney now,  
     On thy brow,  
 Bind the laurels which shall never fade.

---

*REVOLUTION ODE.*

---

PERFORMED AT BIRMINGHAM, NOV. 4, 1788.

---

*RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.*

O GLORIOUS SCENE !  
In fifteen hundred eighty-eight,  
A virgin QUEEN,  
With manly fortitude replete,  
Eliza ! whose immortal name,  
Stands foremost on the roll of fame ;  
When the Armada, pride of Spain,  
Beneath which groan'd the trembling main,  
Appear'd on view of Albion's coast,  
She, fearless of the mighty host :

*AIR.*

The vaunting foe to meet,  
Dispatch'd her nimble fleet,  
Which long the fight maintain'd,  
And blooming laurels gain'd ;  
'Till DRAKE and HOWARD on them bravely bore,  
And dash'd them howling round her rocky shore.

---

*RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.*

The Second James,  
 Who bore in Britain regal sway,  
 Our annals shames,  
 For FREEDOM then expiring lay;  
 RELIGION hid her sacred head,  
 And LAW, by JEFFRIES frightened, fled;  
 Despotic Pow'r her front uprear'd,  
 And nought but FREEDOM's plaints were heard.  
 But when arriv'd the great NASSAU,  
 The friend of LIBERTY and LAW:

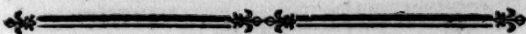
*AIR.*

With generous rage inspir'd,  
 With love of Freedom fir'd;  
 Our brave forefather's join'd  
 The friend of human kind,  
 And hail'd him Europe's Saviour, and their own,  
 Then hurl'd the trembling tyrant from his throne.

*RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.*

To storms of state,  
 Succeeded happiness unmix'd,  
 And Britain's fate  
 Was on a solid basis fix'd.





*DUET.*

Now Commerce, with her pleasing train  
Of Arts and Science, here obtain  
A lasting feat, the Muses here  
To Fame and Freedom ever dear,  
Unaw'd by Pow'r did smiling come,  
As to their native, happy home.

*CHORUS.*

This glorious Revolution,  
Confirm'd our Constitution;  
And by a Right Divine,  
Fix'd here the Brunswic Line.  
'Till time shall end may they reign o'er the free,  
And our great grandsons keep this Jubilee.



SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY  
AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

COME hither ye social, kind, honest, and free,  
For sacred this day is to Friendship and Glee;  
Should Care venture hither, all wrinkled and pale,  
We'd shew him a trick, for we'd drown him in ale.  
Unanimous then let us drink, and let's sing,  
Our Friendship, our Freedom, our Commerce  
and King.

Philanthropy pure is the science we boast,  
Of all ancient sages the Samian's our toast;  
His love of mankind may from this be inferr'd,  
His kindness extended to fish, beast, and bird.  
Unanimous, &c.

What's wealth or ambition, or titles or pow'r;  
What are they but toys, that may please for an hour?  
A single good act to a friend, if distressed,  
Will make them seem Nothings—or Trifles, at best.  
Unanimous, &c.

---

All party-disputes shall be banish'd from hence,  
 As bane of good humour, as foes to good sense;  
 True sons of Philanthropy ne'er disagree,  
 But always are social, brave, honest, and free.  
 Unanimous then let us drink, and let's sing,  
 Our Friendship, our Freedom, our Commerce  
 and King.

---

▲  
 SONG.

---

COME chear up, bold Britons, nor longer despair,  
 The French we can beat, if to fight us they dare,  
 For Vernon, and Keppel, brave Grant, and Monro,  
 Have shewn us what Britons, determin'd, can do.  
 We're crown'd with success, boys, St. Lucia is  
     won,  
 We've ta'en Pondicherry,  
 Come let us be merry,  
 We'll bang the Monfieurs as our fathers have  
     done.

What heroic deeds have by Fame been enroll'd,  
 Atchiev'd by our Edwards and Henries of old,  
 How they fought! how they won! tho' but one to  
 their ten,  
 As fifth Harry conquer'd, we'll conquer again.  
 We're crown'd, &c.

When Gaul funk at Minden, in fam'd fifty-nine,  
 Remember, O Britain! what laurels were thine;  
 While warm with the thought, let thy thunder be  
 hurl'd,  
 Once more be the Mistress, and dread of the world.  
 We're crown'd, &c.



---

THE  
*HOBBY-HORSE.*

---

▲  
SONG.

---

TUNE—"Tristram Shandy."

---

EACH man has his Hobby-Horse, all will allow it,  
I keep but a single pad, some keep a stud;  
Whoe'er gets astride on Ambition, I vow it,  
Will some time or other come soufe in the mud.  
'Tis past all denial,  
The Hobby-Horse —I,  
Grew founder'd, and fell with John Bull to the ground.  
Sure Pride never fell so before;  
Old England ne'er felt such a wound;  
For ten times ten millions and more  
With America's lost—what a sound!

The half-witted, half-blooded, half-human Tories,  
More cruel than blood-hounds, than Spaniels more  
mean;

They pester'd the King with addressees and stories,  
As vile as if penn'd by the vile Gloucester Dean.

The wording was curious,

'Twas smooth, and yet furious;

'Twas, Sir, we are Slaves, but our spirits are good ;  
We'll sacrifice fortunes and lives,

And every thing else—if we cou'd,

Our children, our friends, and our wives,

In return for—American blood.

American Charters were made but a farce on,  
But Pow'r without Right, was an excellent thing ;  
And Passive Obedience, by every dull parson  
Was preach'd, with a view but to flatter the —.

But this, you and I know,

Their JURE DIVINO

Is nonsense—but now they have alter'd their plan ;

A Charter, is SACRED esteem'd,

They curse without ceasing, the man

Who wou'd our affairs have redeem'd,

Had he finish'd but what he began.

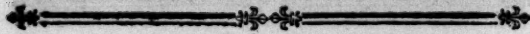
Some wise folk imagine, that Fox was discarded  
For framing the India Bill——no such a thing :  
Cou'd Pit but have form'd such a bill, tho' less guarded,  
It would not have been disapprov'd by the —.

---

While others were pleasing,  
 Charles ever was teasing  
 The Hobby-Horse — I, 'twas that brought him down;  
 From Thames to the banks of the Tweed,  
 Addresses from each paltry town,  
 Were sent by the true Tory breed,  
 Fox to proscribe — and flatter the Crown.

The Men who wish well to the great cause of Freedom,  
 All know 'tis their Birthright, 'tis what they dare  
 claim;  
 They ne'er will chuse Tories or Babies to lead 'em,  
 For Babies and Tories are nearly the same.  
 But Men of true spirit,  
 Of learning and merit,  
 Of principles found, and who firm are as rocks;  
 These, these are the men to be chose,  
 And tho' the Court minions it shocks,  
 In spite of his millions of foes,  
 Such a man, I affirm, is Charles Fox.





SONG.

---

TUNE—"Briton's Mag."

---

BRITONS, where is your once boasted bravery?  
Can you tamely sit and see,  
Curst Oppression, Injustice, and Slavery,  
Trample down your Liberty?

When your Ancestors in the field bravely stood,  
Death or Liberty, they cry'd;  
Fighting for Freedom through rivers of reeking blood,  
Free they liv'd, and free they dy'd.

We, their offspring, are strangers to courage grown,  
Scorn'd by all the nations round;  
Poverty's all the poor Briton can call his own,  
Freedom's but an empty found.

How your Patriots are plunder'd and banished!  
See them beg redress in vain;  
Commerce expiring lies—Plenty is vanished,  
Ne'er to bless the land again.



---

See Excisemen strut! swelling with insolence,  
 Arm'd with Cruelty and Power;  
 See them, like tyrants, exulting o'er impotence,  
 See them all the land devour.

Say, how long shall the Scot in authority,  
 Rule the land without controul?  
 Rise like men, join the glorious Minority,  
 Scourge the knave from Pole to Pole.

---

THE  
*BOW-MEN.*

---

A  
 SONG.

---

MECHANICS, and Phyfic, Religion, and Law,  
 As friends, and as equals appear;  
 No partial distinctions to keep us in awe,  
 Shall ever be shewn when we're here.

Our free-born fore-fathers, brave, hearty and true,  
 This sport to all others preferr'd;  
 Like us, they delighted to twang the tough yew,  
 By tyrants not aw'd or deterr'd.

D

Such Bow-men as Britons the world never saw,  
The terror of Europe they flood ;  
They curb'd the proud Scots, to the French they gave  
law,  
And deluged their country with blood.

When tyrannic John, by bad ministers led,  
Their liberties fought to destroy ;  
To their bows, as the bulwarks of freedom, they fled,  
Determin'd to conquer or die.

Tho' forbid by the great ones the use of the gun,  
(Oh curse on such measures as those ;)   
Shou'd the French dare to land, as our fathers have  
done,  
We'd meet them, thus arm'd with our bows.

No party disputes shall be countenanc'd here,  
We love honest men, high or low ;  
With Kendrick's stout stingo, right potent and clear,  
We'll drink to the friends of the bow.

---

*GIBRALTAR RELIEVED.*

---

A  
SONG.

---

TUNE—"Hark the loud drum," &c.

---

IN days of yore,  
 When Agamemnon fearless led  
 The Grecian power,  
 What mighty heroes bled!  
 Ten years was Troy assail'd,  
 At length the Greeks prevail'd;  
 But Gib shall never, never fall  
 Beneath the pow'r of Spain or Gaul;  
 For on the tide  
 Our fleets shall ride,  
 And ever triumph o'er  
 Each envious hostile pow'r,  
 And humble Bourbon's pride.



---

The fleets of Spain  
 And France combin'd, twice twenty three,  
 In port remain,  
 Afraid to put to sea ;  
 'Till off the Barbary shore,  
 With only thirty four,  
 The gallant Howe appear'd in fight,  
 Resolv'd and eager for the fight ;  
 Now shame prevails,  
 Cordova fails ;  
 But soon he hauls his wind,  
 See! see! he skulks behind,  
 And now away he steals.

The haughty Don,  
 No more shall sing in pompous strain  
 His battles won,  
 Or on the land, or main.  
 Brave Elliott's martial band  
 Have made a noble stand ;  
 Bravely has Gib the pow'r defy'd  
 Of Spain, and all her foes beside,  
 Who durst contend  
 With Freedom's Friend,  
 This matchless dauntless Isle,  
 On whom may heaven smile,  
 'Till time itself shall end.



---

THE  
*WARNING.*

---

A  
SONG.

---

TUNE—"Mortals wisely learn to measure," &c.

---

BRITAIN, where's thy boasted glory?  
Where's thy manly virtue flown?  
Tho' renown'd in ancient story,  
Will thy shore,  
As before,  
Freedom or the Muses own?

Greece and Rome for ages flourish'd,  
While stern Virtue propp'd their state,  
But when Luxury was nourish'd,  
Freedom fled,  
Ruin spread,  
Such may, Britain, be thy fate.

Blasted are thy splended laurels,  
 Leaf by leaf they daily fall;  
 On thy ruin, by thy quarrels,  
     Every hour  
     Rife in pow'r,  
 Faithless Belgia, Spain, and Gaul.

Statesmen lusting after plunder,  
 On thy famish'd vitals prey;  
 Honour's bands are torn afunder,  
     Virtue fails,  
     Vice prevails,  
 Certain signs of quick decay.

Think! oh think! may heaven inspire you,  
 Banish Av'rice, Pride, and Lust;  
 Let your father's virtues fire you,  
     On this ground,  
     Firm and found,  
 Stand you may—or fall you must.

---

THE  
DESPAIRING LOVER.

---

SONG.

---

DELIA, fairest of the fair,  
Mild as is the gentle dove;  
Frank and free, and debonair,  
Taught my fickle heart to love.

She with modest downcast eyes,  
Listen'd to my am'rous tale;  
Scorning art, and all disguise,  
Bad me hope I might prevail.

Transport thrill'd thro' ev'ry vein,  
I was most supremely blest;  
Lov'd, and was belov'd again,  
Can I live and tell the rest?



---

Of her love I made too sure,  
Slighted too the matchless maid;  
She my flights wou'd not endure,  
And did scorn the vows I made.

Heav'nly Delia, cease thy hate,  
All thy wonted grace display;  
Pity wretched Damon's fate,  
Deign to smile his cares away.



---

WALSALLIA.

AN

ODE.

---

FOR THE MUSICAL SOCIETY AT WALSALL.

---

WHEN fam'd Amphion swept the lyre,  
And animated wood and stone,  
What did he but the rude inspire  
With mild sensations like our own?  
This proves that Harmony in days of yore,  
Had over all a fascinating pow'r.

Apollo, god of Song and Wit,  
Euterpe, sweetest of the Nine,  
Determin'd Helicon to quit,  
And Springs Pierian, tho' divine,  
With joint consent the Muse, and mirthful God,  
\* Did at Walsallia fix their blest abode.

---

\* To render this Ode of more general use, the words,  
"Did at Walsallia," may be exchanged for "Did in our Club  
Room."

When left by Euterpe, as well as Apollo,  
 The rest of the sisters resolv'd were to follow,  
 As nothing cou'd please without music to chear,  
 They left the dull scene and are now seated here.  
 Hence Mirth, and Wit, and Harmony divine,  
 To please, and strike, and ravish, all combine.



---

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## HUMOUROUS PIECES.

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---

TO MY FRIEND,

*Mr. THOMAS S—,*

WHO WAS MARRIED IN JULY, 1783, TO HIS THIRD  
WIFE, IN HIS FIFTIETH YEAR.

---

AN

### *EPISTLE.*

---

DEAR Thomas, since indulgent Fate  
Has three times blest thee with a mate,  
I, as your friend, can do no less  
Than wish you joy, and happiness,  
Long life, and health, and strength, and riches,  
And that your wife—may wear the breeches;  
For 'tis a point I must insist on,  
The man lives best—most like a christian,  
If married after forty nine,  
Who does his purse—and pow'r resign;  
Then every CARE which poisons life,  
Devolves upon his loving wife.



But why, friend Tommy, did you choofe  
To run your neck into the noofe  
Juft at the time the Dog-ftar rages?  
What wife man with the fex engages,  
Tho' e'er fo vigorous, ftout, and young,  
When Phœbus has the nerves unftung?

As you're obnoxious to a danger,  
To which, perhaps, you're yet a ftanger;  
A tale I heard of good St. Peter,  
In humble profe—I'll tell in metre.  
Peter, as ancient tales agree,  
Of Heaven's Wicket keeps the key;  
After a tedious length of years  
A man before the gate appears,  
And loudly knocks—"What do you want!  
"Have you been married?" cries the faint.  
With trembling limbs, and watery eyes,  
"Yes—once—Heaven help me,"—He replies.  
"Come in, my honeft Cock;" fays Peter,  
"I'll make thy life a little fwetter;  
"This air, before it dawns to-morrow,  
"Will make thee quite forget thy forrow;  
"For thou, no doubt, haft borne a pack  
"Of cares, and troubles, on thy back."  
The Saint, 'tis faid, was fcarcely feated,  
Before the knocking was repeated:  
Up Peter leap'd—and thus he faid,  
"How oft pray, Sir, have you been wed?"



" Iv'e twice been married, Sir;" said he,  
 " Then you're no customer for me,"  
 Quoth Peter,—“ and in sober sadness  
 “ To marry twice, is downright madness;  
 “ Have you not read, that holy Paul,  
 “ Said, *Better not to wed at all?*  
 “ Howe'er, my friend, this is our rule,  
 “ We never here admit a fool;  
 “ So get you gone—don't stop to prate!”  
 And in an instant shut the gate.

Now I should like, friend Tom, to know,  
 Where you, in future, hope to go?

E

THE  
MOUNTEBANK.

ON rostrum perch'd, see metamorphos'd Lang,  
 In rank bombast the list'ning croud harangue;  
 Torrents of nonsense see him pour among  
 The half-admiring, half-condemning throng.  
 Brimfull of wonder stands the gaping hind,  
 Applauding words his fertile brain has coin'd;  
 The man of sense, to hear the babbling afs,  
 Smiles with contempt, and hides his blushing face.  
 Sometimes in black he mourns great Anna dead,  
 Sometimes the tinsel glitters in its stead,  
 The bob, the bag, by turns adorn his brainless head. }  
 With arm extended, see! he saws the air,  
 And struts and storms like some fantastic play'r;  
 Now screws his mouth to more than monkey grin,  
 Now here, now there, he skips like Harlequin.  
 Now shews the Nostrum, which, at once applying,  
 Restores your health, tho' ye before were dying.  
 The Balfam too, which cures (if twice apply'd,)  
 Wounds three feet deep, and twice twelve inches wide.

Strange tho' it seems, about three years ago,  
 This Esculapius deign'd to stoop so low,  
 As for poor three-pence to be made a show. }  
 With lifted hands, how did we then admire,  
 When high in air he trod the slender wire.  
 How prais'd his spouting, when the well-mouth'd rogue  
 In tone theatric bawl'd the Epilogue!  
 But mark the change, now view the varied scene,  
 See Doctor Lang in fame, in skill a Green.\*  
 The wond'rous deeds perform'd by drugs divine,  
 Hear him relate in each succeeding line:  
 " By Royal Licence, I'm from London come,  
 " To cure the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb;  
 " With each disorder which the human frame  
 " Is subject to, whatever be the name.  
 " Prepar'd by me, with Esculapian skill,  
 " Imprimis, here's th' immortal-making Pill;  
 " This grand arcanum, known to none but me,  
 " Does life preserve from all diseases free  
 " Five hundred years.—For safely say I can,  
 " I'm twice that age—as I'm an honest man.

---

\* Green, a famous Quack Doctor.



“ Those ancient Sages\* (Jesuits call'd by some,)   
 “ Who in a trice flew from Cologne to Rome,   
 “ Have known this body twice three hundred years,   
 “ In state as healthy as it now appears.   
 “ Ward, Radcliff, Boerhaave, all were arrant asses,   
 “ This fellow here, my Andrew, them surpasses.   
 “ Pretending Quacks, made up of impudence,   
 “ And self-conceit, but void of common sense.   
 “ With such low vermin I disclaim alliance,   
 “ Who master am of ev'ry art and science,   
 “ And language too; alike is known to me,   
 “ The Belgic, Saxon, Syriac, and Chaldee;   
 “ With Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek,   
 “ Chinese and Coptic, all these tongues I speak.   
 “ Remotest corners of the peopled earth   
 “ Have been by me explor'd; for since my birth,   
 “ Full fifty times I've gone from Pole to Pole,   
 “ To cure the sick, to bid the maim'd be whole.   
 “ Twice twenty years, t' obtain this glorious prize,   
 “ I've studied hard, nor once have clos'd these eyes;   
 “ This potent Balsam, which alone does give   
 “ New limbs to stumps, and makes the lifeless live.   
 “ Mere gasconade, the sneering surgeons cry,   
 “ 'Tis fiction all, but mark this brief reply:   
 “ Let none condemn, without a reason why.

---

\* Alluding to the old, or rather the pretended old men,   
 who about the year 1764, were said to have travelled to Rome   
 in a remarkable short time.



" Your silence, neighbours, humbly I implore,  
 " Hear this but patiently, I'll ask no more,  
 " Strange is the tale, and worth the telling o'er.  
 " At Minden's Field, oh, 'twas a dreadful day,  
 " There legs, and arms, and heads, promiscuous lay;  
 " Here stood a youth, his slaughter'd fire bemoaning,  
 " There wept a widow, there her son lay groaning.  
 " Among the rest, a friend of mine lay dead,  
 " His body here, but where, alas! his head?  
 " Ah, where indeed! thro' mighty hills of slain  
 " Nine days we search'd, but search'd, alas! in vain;  
 " The tenth day came, when lo! his dog, nam'd  
   Cesar,  
 " Descry'd it floating on the smooth fac'd Weser;  
 " Swift as an eagle, darting on its prey,  
 " I flew to Minden, where the body lay,  
 " His head stich'd on, this Balsam next apply'd,  
 " And sav'd the man, who but for me had dy'd."

THE

**SLEEPING PARSON.**

**ALL FELT THE SATIRE, FOR ALL KNEW THE MAN.**

**FOOTE.**

WHENE'ER fatiric Churchill wrote,  
The courtly knave, or fool of note,  
Or graceless prelate, (what a sin,  
To bring such rev'rend gentry in!)  
Was freely lash'd; for were the priest  
If knavish, favour'd in the least,  
I'd blame the Cenfor—where's th' offence,  
When void of virtue, learning, sense,  
They're found, to let the nation know it?  
Thus far the preface of the Poet.

In R—— a deep-read miller liv'd,  
Who Revelation disbeliev'd,  
A man, whose manner, make, and air,  
As much the priest bespoke as play'r,  
Sam Foote wou'd say, "Or dancing bear." }

His head had I can scarce tell what in,  
'Twas mongrel Greek, and true Dog Latin;  
His heart too nearly was ally'd  
To Malice, Envy, Spleen, and Pride;  
Yet was allow'd the parish round  
A man of learning most profound;  
For in his house, each wall, each door,  
With Greek was all bespatter'd o'er;  
Nay, on his bags and waggon head  
In huge Greek capitals was read  
Th' initial letters of his name,  
Which custom got—as well as fame.  
He was so learn'd, he scorn'd to speak  
A thought, unless 'twas cloth'd in Greek.  
He train'd a Daw, like him, the bird  
Disdain'd to speak an English word;  
For he, each day, as I'm a finner,  
In Greek his tutor call'd to dinner.  
Learn hence, ye wise ones, who admit  
That they who Greek have—must have wit;  
To rev'rence learned Jack Daws, when  
They chatter Greek, as well as men.  
Without a grain of common sense,  
Tho' more conceit, and impudence,  
And low grimace, had never no man,  
Not fidler, mountebank, or show-man;  
He such a genius had, and taste,  
As never Hottentot disgrac'd;  
He all opinions knew, and strange,  
Embrac'd, and wou'd as quickly change.



One while the Jewish notions please,  
 Then Saturdays are Sabbath days;  
 Tho' fond of hares and pigs before,  
 He vows he'll never touch them more.  
 But when he finds Voltaire supposes  
 There ne'er was such a man as Moses,\*  
 And that the Jews their hist'ry took  
 From some Chaldean writer's book;  
 On Saturday's he'll not refrain  
 From work, and pigs are good again.  
 All books he read, but still preferr'd  
 Those most romantic and absurd.  
 Spinoza's works he long por'd over,  
 But scarce his meaning cou'd discover;  
 Then St. John his attention claim'd,  
 St. John the noble, and the fam'd,  
 Where wretched sophistry, alas!  
 For argument, is made to pass.  
 'Twas pride, and fondness of his parts,  
 Which mov'd him to employ such arts  
 To damp Religion's sacred light,  
 And whelm the world in shades of night.  
 Next Hume, who subtle as a fox is,  
 Entrapp'd him with his paradoxes.

---

\* Vide Voltaire's Gospel of the Day.



— ❖ — ❖ — ❖ — ❖ — ❖ —  
Roussseau, who scorns alike to pray,  
Or to believe, the vulgar way,  
Who draws a parallel, to please us,  
Between fam'd Socrates and Jesus,  
And owns, tho' quite against his plan,  
The latter was the greater man,  
Our worthy Miller next perus'd ;  
Then ev'ry man who pray'd, accus'd  
Of folly and impertinence,  
Of want of decency and sense.  
Bold Chubb he thought the wisest man  
Who flourish'd since the world began ;  
Compar'd with him, the Royal Jew  
Illit'rate was, and little knew ;  
He holds, that reason and opinion  
O'er all beside shou'd have dominion ;  
That God did ne'er intend to bind  
By written laws, the human mind,  
That what we call'd the Law of God  
Was spurious all, and but a load  
On laymen laid, of all conditions,  
By scurvy priests, and politicians,  
That all were equal, Turks, and Christians,  
Jews, Pagans, Deists, and Philistines.  
Lord Shaftesbury, the undermining,  
The quaint, affected, and designing,  
And superficial, next he read,  
And after weighing, wisely said,

Of all his maxims, this the best is,  
That Ridicule of Truth, the test is.  
Notions absurd from Hobbes he stole, and  
Next studied Woolston, Tindal, Toland,  
With Morgan, Mandevil, and others,  
All in the glorious cause sworn brothers.  
Tho' less in name, not quite unknown,  
Then Folly mark'd him for her own,  
For on his God his back he turn'd,  
And in a fume his Bible burn'd,  
And said that Scripture ordinances  
Were visionary dreams and fancies.  
Then prov'd the Saints impostors all,  
From holy Austin up to Paul,  
For he, by syllogistic rules,  
Cou'd prove them either knaves or fools,  
Or both, or neither, which he wou'd,  
So well he logic understood;  
For he cou'd prove a man to be  
A beast, a bird, a fish, or tree.  
Such was he in his Grinding state,  
But mark the sudden turns of Fate:—  
He voted wisely, left his trade,  
And Christ's embassador was made;  
For bishops can by dispensations,  
Make priests of men in any stations.  
He sold his meal-tub, bought a gown,  
And chang'd for black his coat of brown;

A wig, which antiquarians reckon'd  
Was worn when reign'd our Charles the Second,  
He bought, and now to wear was his doom,  
Huge wigs, you know, are marks of wisdom.  
Now rob'd in fable, thro' the streets  
He proudly stalks, on all he meets  
He looks disdain, th' ambitious elf  
Scarce others know, or knows himself;  
He knew 'twas no uncommon case  
For priests to lack both faith and grace,  
But wisely judg'd the mere pretence  
To these, to be of consequence,  
So he, to have them both pretended,  
The bad decry'd, the good commended.  
He learnt to whine, to weep, and cant,  
So well, some thought him quite a saint;  
An aspect meek, demure, and grave,  
As owl he wore, but still the knave  
Was seen thro' *Vice's* thin disguise,  
Hypocrysy, by keener eyes.  
As yet he no just difference knew  
Between the Christian and the Jew,  
But Mahomet's the sage confess,  
Of all religious systems best;  
Don't he allow them women plenty?  
From one to ten, from ten to twenty?  
Alas! cou'd we that point insist on,  
How gladly would I be a Christian.



Conscious of ign'rance, next we find  
Him aiming to enrich his mind  
By study; tho' 'tis said by many,  
That learned fools are worst of any;  
For when a man devoid of sense is,  
And reads, the coxcomb straight commences.  
The honest pious Venn he read,  
But scorn'd by Scripture to be led;  
Then Hervey took, but soon dismiss'd him,  
He laugh'd at him, and blam'd his system.  
By *works* alone, the Doctor cry'd,  
And not by faith, we're justify'd,  
As these affirm; then with an oath,  
Pronounc'd them rank enthusiasts both.  
He next the Articles turn'd o'er,  
Which puzzled him still more and more;  
The Homilies, and then St. Paul,  
The Priest perus'd, and own'd they all  
Declar'd the same, but still he swore  
They all were falsties; and more,  
St. Paul a methodist supposes,  
He preach'd in fields, and lanes, and houses,  
And taught the self-same doctrine too,  
As some of our field preachers do.  
Thus disappointed, thus perplexed,  
He knew not whom t'apply to next,  
'Till Chance directed him to place  
His hopes on one who wrote on Grace,



Where more low humour, lies, and spleen,  
 Than wit, or truth, or candour's seen.  
 He read, approv'd, but knew no more  
 What was Religion, than before,  
 But found, that zeal and impudence  
 Might pass for faith, as well as sense,  
 And thought, as some got gold and fame  
 By railing, he might do the same ;  
 So took his stand upon his rostrum,  
 And thus his Rev'rence did accost 'em :  
 " Harken, my meek and holy brethren,  
 " To what you're all concern'd together in."  
 Then blow'd his nose, and stroak'd his band,  
 And thrice for silence wav'd his hand ;  
 Then nam'd his text, and at a venture,  
 He damn'd both Papist and Dissenter,  
 Tho' he no more cou'd than a horse tell  
 Which most consistent was with gospel.  
 Luther he term'd a son of Satan,  
 And mouth'd at Calvin Greek and Latin ;  
 Nay, was so faucy and uncivil,  
 He preach'd their foll'wers to the devil.  
 Some, who like him, were ign'rant quite  
 Of what was either wrong or right,  
 Took part in such a glorious cause,  
 Admir'd his wit, and smil'd applause.  
 But now grown tir'd—oh shame, to tell,  
 Asleep the sluggish parson fell,

And lost his sermon ; such a scene  
 Since Noah has not acted been.  
 Anxious for th' honour of the pastor,  
 The clerk cry'd softly, Master ! master !  
 But when he found so deep a nap  
 Defy'd a whisper, or a tap,  
 He instantly resolv'd to wake him,  
 And did so thump, so pull, and shake him,  
 That from his wig a peck of flour  
 Descended in a snow-like show'r ;  
 The Parson starts,—“ Run Ralph,” he cries,  
 “ See how about the meal-room flies  
 “ The pudding-flour—shut, shut the window,  
 “ Or else the pool 'twill all fly into.”  
 But now, Sir Gravity awake,  
 Perceives the grofs, the dire mistake ;  
 Instead of corn-mill, full in view  
 A church appear'd, an audience too,  
 Here was no meal-tub, but instead,  
 A pulpit rear'd its awful head ;  
 Embarrass'd thus, he scarcely knew  
 Which way to look, or what to do ;  
 To see how fimper'd men and women,  
 A blush o'erspread his cheeks of linen,  
 He doubtless wou'd have sneak'd away,  
 If Int'rest had not whisper'd, “ Stay.”  
 He search'd the rostrum round and round,  
 But ne'er a sermon cou'd be found,

Without his notes before he went hence,  
 He cou'd not preach a single sentence.  
 What cou'd he do? A story book  
 He sily from his pocket took ;  
 And though his purpose was to rail,  
 He thought, perhaps, a pleasant tale  
 Might please some hearers full as well :  
 And first our learned priest did tell,  
 The tricks, the gambols, and vagaries,  
 Of witches, goblins, demons, faries,  
 How nightly these around a ring  
 Were seen to dance, and heard to sing ;  
 How those wou'd ride on sticks of broom,  
 Aloft in air as far as Rome.  
 He told how Bacon form'd a head  
 Of brass, and how Sir Brazen said,  
 Time is—time was—time's past—then broke,  
 And vanish'd in a cloud of smoke.  
 Then told the well-known story, how  
 Great Guy of Warwick, kill'd the cow.  
 How valiant George, if fame said true,  
 A dreadful fiery dragon slew.  
 How Dunstan did, in sort uncivil,  
 With tongs hold fast the nose of devil ;  
 " I've read," (quoth he) " in authors various,  
 " That blood of dead faint Januarius,  
 " Will run like any brook or river,  
 " At Naples yearly;" this is clever !



---

How rich, and poor, and youth, and age,  
Did yearly go on pilgrimage,  
To see what deeds on blind and dumb,  
Were wrought at holy Becket's tomb,  
Tho' all his flesh and bones, I trust,  
Were quickly moulder'd into dust,  
The virtues of his spine, I dare to  
Affirm, wou'd cure all ills we're heir to,  
Save two, which man too often hath,  
The want of money, and of faith.  
The next, tho' longest kept in petto,  
Was worth them all—At fam'd Loretto,  
There is the very room, he said,  
Where Mary liv'd, and Christ was bred ;  
From rev'rend men the story ta'en is,  
How quite across the gulph of Venice,  
'Twas here, from the Dalmatian shore  
By angels brought, in days of yore ;  
Whether 'twas brought on ass or horse back,  
Or like Scotch pedlar's shop, across back,  
Our holy Fathers, though good fellows,  
Did never condescend to tell us.  
But here a sudden stop was made,  
Morpheus had on the cushion laid  
The priest again—all heard him snore,  
As loud, or louder than before ;  
To see Religion made a farce on,  
By such a dull and drowsy parson,  
All were chagrin'd—all went from church—  
And left poor White-bread in the lurch.



THE  
*CONTRAST.*

THE bards of Greece, with love of virtue fir'd,  
 With highest rev'rence of the Gods inspir'd,  
 Replete with taste, pursu'd a glorious plan,  
 And honour'd Heav'n, by shewing love to man.  
 'Twas this those worthies by their plays design'd,  
 To smoothe the rugged manners of mankind, }  
 To mend the heart, and to improve the mind.  
 Virtue, as man's sole happiness to shew,  
 And Vice, as authorefs of all his woe,  
 Then Wit obey'd stern Reason's awful nod,  
 Vice was chastis'd, and Virtue held the rod;  
 To honour this her vot'ries caus'd to rise  
 Temples, whose tops were mantled with the skies;  
 T' enforce her laws the poets ne'er declin'd,  
 T' obey her dictates priests and people join'd;  
 Hence harmony throughout the whole appear'd,  
 All happy were, for Virtue all rever'd.  
 But modern Wits, too fond of empty praise,  
 Not studious to instruct, but how to please,  
 Basely deserted the celestial maid,  
 When most she needed countenance and aid;  
 How Virtue droop'd! how Vice was favour'd! when  
 The servile Dryden drew his magic pen,

Who, in compliance with the shameless times,  
Employ'd his wit in dignifying crimes ;  
Merely to please a weak, a vicious Court,  
Vice he enthron'd, and Virtue made his sport.  
Strange ! that a man, the brightest in his age,  
Cou'd thus disgrace the muses and the stage ;  
Were I a Dryden, tho' the simple stream  
And roots was all my food, tho' damn'd to shame,  
I'd nobly perish, e're I'd sacrifice  
My wit and genius in the cause of Vice.  
At length despis'd by each dramatic wit,  
And hooted at from the licentious pit,  
Virtue the stage forsook, and from that time  
Conforted most with honest sons of rhyme.  
The matchless Pope, in numbers all divine,  
Made Virtue in her native beauty shine ;  
But who, unmov'd, beholds the gen'rous rage  
Which glows in Churchill's animated page,  
Where Genius, Wit, and Virtue, all conspire  
To warm the heart, and set the soul on fire.  
The Patriot's friend, the scourge of titled knaves,  
Of mitre-hunting priests, and pension'd slaves,  
Who, when Oppression with gigantic stride  
Stalks thro' the land, supported on each side  
By Bute and pow'r—when laws perverted are,  
And Britain's free-born sons are forc'd to bear  
Imprisonment and chains, will dauntless stand,  
Or greatly fall, to right an injur'd land.

THE  
DISBANDED SOLDIER.

THE hardy Vet'ran, who in distant lands  
Has fought, and triumph'd o'er the martial bands  
Of haughty Gaul—expos'd to ev'ry ill  
Which friendless Poverty is doom'd to feel;  
Since then, alas ! has stroll'd the streets along,  
Despis'd, unpity'd by the passing throng,  
Shiv'ring with cold, to piercing winds laid bare,  
Meagre with want, and wrung with deep despair;  
By law forbid to supplicate relief,  
He fears to beg, and scorns to be a thief,  
Compell'd by want, at length in piteous tone,  
Which might have humanis'd a heart of stone,  
The needy Soldier ventur'd to implore.  
A slender alms at fordid Pinchum's door,  
Who meanly triumph'd o'er the hapless wight,  
Sneer'd at his woes, and spurn'd him from his fight.  
Pinchum a miller was, whose awkward air,  
(When aping grandeur in his chaise and pair,)  
From school-boys drew contempt; whose tow'ring  
foul  
Disdain'd the dirty trick of taking toll,



But nobler, worthier methods took to thrive,  
 The rich he flea'd, and eat the poor alive.  
 He next address'd a lazy pamper'd drone,  
 Who preach'd up charity, but practis'd none,  
 Who in the paths of av'rice long had trod,  
 And lov'd a tythe-pig better than his God.  
 " Deign to relieve a feeble wretch," he said,  
 " Benumb'd with cold, and destitute of bread."  
 The rev'rend seer, with genuine priestly pride,  
 And crest erected, haughtily reply'd,  
 " Caitiff begone ! or by St. Paul I swear,  
 " A jail's thy doom." The Soldier ceas'd his pray'r,  
 And limp'd away, amas'd to find so odd,  
 So rude a treatment from the man of God.  
 Rude chilling blasts now angry Boreas sends,  
 From sable clouds a smoaking show'r descends,  
 Dripping with wet, at length the hapless man  
 Lean'd on his staff, and thus his plaint began :  
 " Is this the land," the wretched creature cry'd,  
 " For which I've fought, and bled, nay, wou'd have  
 " dy'd ?  
 " Can Britain thus, who cherish'd, cloath'd, and fed  
 " The hostile sons of France, when captives led,  
 " Reward a native for his toils in war,  
 " This shiv'ring arm, this deep-indented scar ?  
 Then paus'd—look'd up—and at a distance saw  
 A humble cottage, roof'd with moss and straw,  
 Where warm Benevolence, and Conscience clear,  
 And calm Content, sat smiling all the year ;

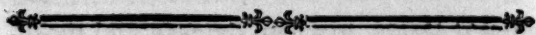


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A widow'd Dame, to whom the poor and mean,  
The sons of Misery, ne'er fu'd in vain,  
Refided here, who lib'rally supply'd  
His wants, unask'd, with what the priest deny'd.  
His weary'd limbs awhile he rested here,  
And fondly thought no danger cou'd be near.  
But oft when Hope exalts us to the sky,  
Woes intervene, and damp the rising joy;—  
A worthless Magistrate, a surly elf,  
Who lov'd no creature save his own dear self,  
Who nothing knew, yet scorn'd to ask advice,  
Whose will was law, and govern'd by caprice,  
The gen'rous action of the widow spy'd,  
And feis'd them both, and sentenc'd them—untry'd;  
Her bed was fold\* to pay the law's demand,  
The man beneath the barb'rous beadle's hand  
Was doom'd to bleed. Her crime was only this,  
Compassion pure—and Poverty was his.

---

\* The law obliges any person who relieves a beggar to forfeit 10s.



THE

*CURIOUS LOVER.*



DAMON, whose form and easy air  
 Cou'd captivate the coldest fair,  
 Had notions quite uncommon,  
 By Folly led, to Reason blind,  
 He thought it possible to find  
 In form a perfect Woman.

His manner, parts, and splendid drefs,  
 Were fuch as did the Fop exprefs,  
 Who all to dart was willing ;  
 Thus of each requisite poffefs'd  
 That might alarm a female breast,  
 He went a lady-killing.

The fprightly Chloe, young and fmart,  
 Firft fightly touch'd his am'rous heart,  
 A moft bewitching creature ;  
 But haplefs Chloe ftrives in vain  
 T' infpire him with the tender pain,  
 She wants an inch in ftature.

The stately Delia, fair and tall,  
Whose graceful motion at a ball  
Might move an Anchorite;  
The Beau, enamour'd, next survey'd,  
But found, alas! the beauteous maid  
One inch too much in height.

Belinda, whose resistless charms  
Might lure a Stoic to her arms,  
And baffle all his pride;  
Next curious Damon's notice caught,  
But poor Belinda's mouth was thought  
A full hair's breadth too wide.

The striking Delia, who in mien  
And shape excell'd the sea-born queen,  
Nay, in each charm surpass'd her;  
Then shot the rover thro' and thro',  
But 'stead of black her eyes were blue,  
Oh, what a dire disaster!

From Belle to Belle, till age grew on,  
He rang'd, when tir'd, he fix'd on one,  
But she his passion laugh'd at;  
And now with grief poor Damon sees  
That what in youth cou'd ever please,  
In age is only scoff'd at.

---

The toledo, the smart toupee,  
 The rhyme, the song, the repartee,  
 No more can charm, oh never !  
 He lives unpity'd, though disgrac'd,  
 And from the realms of wit and taste  
 Secluded is for ever.



ON

## TOBACCO.

FAR hence be every Prude, each solemn Prig,  
And that queer creature of a doubtful sex,  
With lily hand, smooth chin, and empty head,  
That gaudy glittering insect of a day,  
The puny Beau—his nostrils ill can brook  
The rich exhilarating fumes of that  
Delicious plant, Virginia's noblest boast,  
The new-discovered world's chief pride,—Tobacco.  
But come thou near, my honest, jovial friend,  
Whose manly front bespeaks the heart sincere,  
The liberal mind, and tongue devoid of guile,  
Here patient sit, while I recount to thee  
The various virtues of the peerless plant:—

O weed, more precious than Golconda's gems!  
Not Arno's vale, nor Tempe's flow'ry fields,  
Nor fam'd Arabia's spicy groves can shew  
Or fruit, or plant, comparable to thee!

Peace to the manes of that much injur'd man,  
 Who first thy worth in Albion's happy isle  
 Made known; Raleigh the brave! whom dastard  
 James  
 To please vindictive Spain, bereav'd of life.

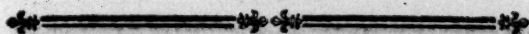
Supremely blest is he, whose ample box,  
 Or leathern pouch, contains the matchless plant.  
 He neither hunger feels, nor thirst, nor cold,  
 When these attack him with united force,  
 They're all defeated by a single quid.  
 Not less in ethics than in physics fam'd,  
 Thy pow'r is known to men of every class.  
 A certain fordid priest, whose callous heart  
 Ne'er knew one feeling for another's woe,  
 To *quidding* took; how soon a change is wrought!  
 His heart expands, he grows beneficent,  
 And gives to *miser*y—a mouldy crust.

- How much to thee do politicians owe?  
 Warm'd with thy sense-inspiring fumes, ev'n Horne  
 With ease can ford the mighty depths of state,  
 Can darkest mysteries unfold, and make  
 As plain and palpable as Sol at noon;  
 Can prove that kings, if ill,\* deserve to die,  
 If good† or ill, alike deserve respect.

---

\* The King whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the hand of every subject.

† *Whoever* or *Whatever* is King, demands the respect and support of the people. Vid. Horne's Letter to Junius.



Hail, genuine son of inconsistency!  
May all thy labours meet a *due* reward.

Wrapt in his own importance, proud and dull,  
See justice Shallow, in his chair of state,  
Prepares to shew his *brief authority*!  
Without Tobacco's sovereign aid, how blank  
His worship seems? Here! Betty! bring a pipe!  
Mark how he inspiration draws from out  
The tube, and wiser grows at every puff!  
Loquacious now, he prates on this and that,  
Law, peace and war, and civil polity,  
Jockies and gamblers, cocks and cards, and dice,  
Alternately employ his nimble tongue;  
"Till tir'd his auditors, and drunk himself,  
Down falls his pipe, and Morpheus seals his eyes.



THE

## JOURNEY.

AN

## EPISTLE to Mr. PARDOE.

THUS banish'd from my native soil,  
To twice ten miles from fam'd Carlisle;  
Twice ninety from my friends and wife,  
Blest sweet'ners of the cares of life!  
How think you I can verse compose,  
I scarce can write in humble prose;  
Yet since my worthy friend, I know,  
Determin'd is to have it so,  
With wit and fire he must dispense,  
And rhymes accept instead of sense;  
For had I Kelley's wit, you know it,  
On such a theme I cou'd not shew it.  
Touch'd with a honest grief to see  
Relations weep to part with me,  
I dropp'd a sympathetic tear,  
Cou'd you, or any man forbear?

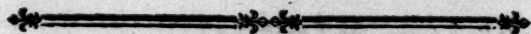


The twenty-seventh day of June,  
 Six hours ere Sol proclaim'd it noon,  
 Walfall I left; and nothing new  
 Till Warrington appear'd in view,  
 I saw; then cross'd the winding Mersey,  
 Which you have done, ere now, I dare say.  
 I stopp'd not there, resolv'd that night  
 To sleep at Wigan—if I might:  
 To the Bear's Paw was recommended,  
 And there I that day's journey ended.  
 Next morning as I jogg'd along,  
 A fidler blind, nor old, nor young,  
 With instrument of hoarser note,  
 Than ever came from raven's throat,  
 I saw quite free from melancholy,  
 Playing the pilgrim blithe and jolly.  
 He tun'd in danger all the time,  
 For on a loaded cart of lime,  
 With head erect, in aukward state,  
 The bastard son of Orpheus sat.  
 I pass'd thro' Preston on a trot,  
 It stands upon a pleasant spot;  
 A well-built town, and ev'ry street  
 Is spacious, elegant, and neat.  
 Here, in the famous year fifteen,  
 A bloody conflict was between  
 The sons of liberty, and those  
 Who were her basest, blackest foes;

And who set up to be their head  
A tyrant born, and Papist bred,  
Sprung from an abject race of things,  
Unfit to bear the name of kings.—  
That night at Lancaster I staid,  
And for a supper dearly paid,  
Of bread and cheese; and this beside,  
Lean beef, as tough as old cow hide.  
The houses all, excepting none,  
In this old town are built of stone,  
The castle is an ancient pile,  
And large as that is at Carlisle;  
From whence, they say, at times you can  
With ease perceive the Isle of Man.  
The northern part of Lancashire  
A face of poverty does wear.  
Numbers of houses which I saw  
Were built of mud, and thatch'd with straw.  
The south I really don't pretend  
To know so well as you, my friend;  
But it as fertile seem'd to me,  
And populous, as where you be.  
Read farther, and next day you'll find  
Your friend at Kendal, where he din'd;  
And nobly, faith, I did regale  
On trout, green geese, green pease, and ale;  
This meal, indulgent Fate, no doubt,  
Bestow'd, to make the other out.

Kendal's a town, or I mistake,  
Nearly the same in size and make  
With Lancaster; but such a road  
From thence to Shapp, as you ne'er rode.  
O'er hills whose summits pierc'd the sky,  
While clouds I saw beneath me lie,  
Thro' which I was constrain'd to go,  
Ere I cou'd reach the vales below.  
Sure worse for travellers are these  
Than be the Alps, or Pyrenees;  
So drear a scene, such barren ground  
In Nova Zembla can't be found.  
Few sheep are here, and on my word,  
I scarce beheld a single bird.  
Ah, how unlike Staffordia's Plains!  
Where Pleasure, Health, and Plenty reigns.  
That night at paltry Shapp I lay,  
And at Carlisle the foll'wing day  
Ere three o'clock did safe arrive,  
And sound as any roach alive.  
This place has long been fortify'd,  
And wall'd is now on ev'ry side,  
A most enchanting situation,  
Esteem'd the finest in the nation.  
Next day I came thro' show'rs of rain,  
T' Aspatia, where I still remain;  
Wishing the health of all my friends,  
And here my rhyming story ends.





TO

Mr. HARE.



AN

EPISTLE.



HAIL, Happy Hare! who in that charming town,  
 Seated like much-fam'd Solyma of old,  
 A foot-walk hast. There true politeness reigns,  
 There ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind,  
 With each gay prospect that can glad the eye,  
 Conspicuous shines; and Plenty crowns the whole.  
 Hail, happy Hare! how blest is such a man!  
 When genial Spring has on the fertile banks  
 Of winding Severn, spread her rich perfumes,  
 He careless saunters thro' the laughing meads;  
 While all around romantically sweet,  
 A noble landscape greets his ravish'd eye.  
 He, when rude *Winter* with his chilling blasts  
 From Norway's frozen clime comes howling forth  
 Replete with snow and hail, wrapt in furtout  
 Securely trips along, and smiles at storms.



---

Compar'd with thine, my friend, how hard the lot  
Of hapless Plumbwort is, whom ruthless Fate  
Has in an out-ride fix'd in Cumberland.  
Beneath bleak Skiddow, on the banks of Eln,  
The Frith in view, and Caledonian hills,  
At hateful 'Spatia wretched Plumbwort lives;  
Where day by day the same dull joyless scene  
Of dreary heaths and wilds presents itself.  
These might be borne, but that a worthless tribe,  
Unsocial, knavish, insolent and mean,  
Live here : sworn foes to Virtue and her sons;  
Strangers to ev'ry lib'ral sentiment,  
Gold is their God, and Laziness their Pride.  
O wou'd kind heav'n but make one man my friend,  
S——n's the learn'd, the gen'rous, and the good,  
Whom but to know is to admire and love ;  
Then might I hail Staffordia's happy land,  
Of Science, Taste, and Elegance the seat,  
Might Walsall see, whose Beauties erst I sung,  
See all my friends, and thou my worthy Hare.

THE

*BISHOP and MAUL TEXT.*

A TALE.

IT happen'd once—the point of time  
Remains untold, in prose or rhyme,  
A certain bishop had the giving,  
Of what is term'd—a good fat living;  
But what appear'd extremely odd,  
In this right' reverend man of God,  
He vow'd that none, tho' e'er so clever,  
Shou'd have the living—now or ever,  
Unless he fairly out could make  
The father of Melchizedek.

This matter, so profound and dark,  
Pos'd many an egregious clerk;  
Thrice fifty, as the story goes,  
Had try'd the secret to disclose,  
But try'd in vain—which forely all vext,  
At length appear'd the fly Jack Maul Text.

---

Jack had acquir'd more useful knowledge,  
 Than what is often gain'd at college;  
 He from his dad, a queer old crony,  
 Had learnt—and knew—the worth of money.  
 “ Money gets money,” was his cry;  
 “ The main chance always mind, my boy!  
 “ A penny fav'd is twopence got,  
 “ And wit alone won't boil the pot.”

These, and a hundred saws beside,  
 Jack had by rote—and oft apply'd;  
 For such sage scraps he valued more  
 Than all his Greek and Latin lore.  
 He studied men—and found that gold  
 Rul'd rich and poor, and young and old:  
 So to his wary Sire proceeded,  
 And told him how much cash he needed:  
 “ Four hundred pounds in yellow coin,  
 “ Will make the bishop's living mine;  
 “ Or, if you think that will not do,  
 “ I'll to the Sire add *Mother* too,  
 “ If you in silver from your store  
 “ Will give me but twice fifty more.”

As none could of his prudence doubt,  
 Each sum was fairly counted out.



With pockets full, and mind elate,  
Jack hastens to the palace gate ;  
But ere he further did proceed,  
He liberally the Chaplain fee'd ;  
Who soon his Lordship made acquainted  
Of what the *modest* Maul Text wanted.

“ Men of this age are strangely dull,  
“ I hope this is not such a fool  
“ As those we've had already here,”  
His Lordship said. “ O never fear,”  
The Chaplain cries, “ the youngster try,  
“ You'll find him ripe as you or I ;  
“ For I'm convinc'd (beneath the rose,)  
“ He well this kind of business knows :  
“ And had I all the wealth of Spain,  
“ I'd lay it he'll the living gain.”  
To hear him thus so highly prais'd,  
His curiosity was rais'd ;  
“ Send hither straight this boasted youth,  
“ I'll know if what you say be truth,  
“ For falsehood ever I abhor'd,”  
When straight Jack stood before my Lord.

“ I come to solve your abstruse question,  
“ Which some presume to make a jest on ;  
“ And doubt not, if 'tis fairly done,  
“ But you'll me victor fairly own.”



“ That will I do,” (quoth he) “ with pleasure;”  
 Jack instantly produc'd his treasure:  
 “ This bag contains, or I mistake,  
 “ Your secret of Melchizedek;—  
 “ You'll also find, within this other,  
 “ The name and colour of his mother.”

With lifted hands and upturn'd eyes,  
 The very figure of Surprise,  
 The Bishop stood; then stroak'd his band,  
 And gravely took him by the hand;  
 “ Young man, I solemnly declare,  
 “ That you a first-rate Genius are!  
 “ The names are spell'd right to a letter,  
 “ And were the Living ten times better,  
 “ As Holiness and Truth's in heaven,  
 “ To you alone it should be given!  
 “ For Wisdom I can plainly see,  
 “ Has ta'en up her abode with thee;  
 “ Obey her dictates—never slight her,  
 “ And thou shalt one day—wear a Mitre.



THE

QUESTION.

SAY, O bluffering, bullying Billy,  
When thy wild-goose chase will cease?  
Say, John Bull, who art so filly,  
Is thy interest ought but peace?

Tax'd as is this wretched nation,  
Bleeding now at ev'ry pore,  
What a strange infatuation  
Will it be to tax it more?

Tax'd our every brick and tile is,  
And last war was tax'd our salt,  
But what's vilest of the vile is,  
Thus again to tax our malt.

Nootka, peopled with man-eaters,  
Is for twice two millions bought,  
When are tam'd these savage creatures,  
—It will not be worth a groat.

In the Baltic's frozen ocean  
What has poor John Bull to do?  
What a strange quixotic notion  
Some folk have—and great ones too?

Ye who worship Billy's wife head,  
And applaud his every work,  
If you'll be but circumcised,  
You may fight for Jew or Turk.

See this wou'd-be sole Dictator,  
Cowards tremble at his nod,  
Wifemen sooner will, or later,  
View with scorn this demi-god.

After being promis'd wonders,  
Riches, Commerce, lasting Peace,  
All we have is Billy's blunders,  
And of Debt a vast encrease.

What a Proteus Edmund B—— is?  
Now a Tory, now a Whig;  
What a hotch-potch his last work is?  
Oil and verjuice, fish and pig.

Why should he, if not a Tory,  
Damn our Gallic neighbours' plan?  
Why should Oxford blast her glory,  
In addressing such a man?



---

If the fam'd St. Omer's bred him,  
And it did, or some are liars,  
That may be the cause which led him  
To lament the monks and friars.

On mobs he makes a mighty pother,  
Now he raves on church and state,  
These he'd sister have and brother,  
And be fix'd as firm as Fate.

Who believes that worldly grandeur  
Is not seemly in a priest,  
Edmund, with his wonted candour,  
Atheist calls him, or a beast.

Down the Scarlet Whore is tumbled,  
Bulls and Briefs are disregarded,  
Bishops, Deans, and Chapters humbled,  
Honest Curates are rewarded.

This is news to Edmund heavy,  
This has blasted all his hopes,  
Now he'll all his forces levy,  
Figures, Metaphors, and Tropes.

Now for families he'll forage,  
Now he'll scold and rave aloud,  
Now he'll thought compare to porridge,  
Now be hidden in a cloud.

---

Now he thinks Charles Fox will maul him,  
 Priestley thunders in his ear,  
 Paine comes next to overhaul him,  
 Now he's petrified with fear.

Now the English clubs torment him,  
 Now he faints with apprehension,  
 Mercy on's what will content him?  
 Nothing, nothing—but a Pension.

---

*ODE to the PREMIER.*

---

NOT in Warton's hacknied strains  
 Shall the present Ode be writ,  
 All the Poet's parts and pains  
 Are thy due, O precious P—.  
 Tho' George may boast his venal Laureat's praise,  
 Thy Volunteer shall try to win the bays.

Janus with his double face,  
 Takes a retrospective view,  
 Sees at once thy past disgrace,  
 And what praise will be thy due.  
 Sees thee unequalled in five hundred years,  
 For taxing Poverty—and making Peers.

When at the Prefs\* you aim'd a deadly blow,  
 Say, where was Honour? — where was Conscience  
 flown?

---

\* Should the reader be displeased at this severity of the Poet, against the Premier, he is requested to consider, that this Ode was written when the last additional duty was laid on News Papers; and at which time was added, that most



Indignant Freedom eyed thee as a foe,  
And Science, trembling, gave a dreadful groan.  
Posterity will scarce believe that Chatham's son  
Could such a dark inglorious deed have done.

---

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infamous and arbitrary clause, subjecting the HIRE of a News Paper to the forfeiture of FIVE POUNDS; annexing, also, that every printer of them should take to himself the whole of his impression, excluding him the privilege, as heretofore, of returning to the Stamp Office, those which might remain on his hands unfold, thereby limiting him, as it were, to the printing only a certain number.

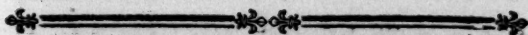
Was not such a THREE-FOLD obstacle to the circulation of News Papers, "aiming a deadly blow at the Press?" For, if we allow, (and the fact compels us to allow it) that a News Paper is the first (because the most common) vehicle of political knowledge, could means more flagrant, more direct, and apparently more effectual, have been devised to hinder such knowledge, and keep Englishmen (the genuine Sons of Freedom!) ignorant of the Politics of the Day? and therewith of their rights and privileges as Britons and Freemen? — Therefore,

Against such imposts, wonder not to find  
Our Friend severe; "who always spoke his mind."  
With zeal for Freedom—Freedom of the Press,  
When this was struck at—could he have said less?

Sinking beneath its former weight,  
Yet still the Malt new burthens bears;  
Or if the poor shall drink or eat,  
The righteous P— nor knows or cares.  
If he can tax, alike it is to him,  
Whether we live or die, or sink or swim.

How prettily he handles,  
The tiny farthing candles!  
While those of finest wax,  
Exempted are from tax.  
Hail! matchless P—! immaculate and wife;  
All hail, great fire of GENERAL EXCISE.

Compar'd with thee old Walpole was a ninny,  
Where he a shilling took, you squeeze a guinea:  
“ The attempt, and not the deed,” confounded  
Bob,  
But thy tobacco-bill compleat's his dirty job.  
Victuallers, maltsters, country bankers,  
All will be thy hearty thankers,  
Tanners, curriers, servants female,  
Those who sell tobacco retail,  
With one consent shall in grand chorus join,  
And hail thee Financier unmatch'd! divine!



AN

*EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SHAW,*

On going to the — as an Examiner.

---

DEAR Thomas, I wonder a man of your years,  
 Should act what to Reason such folly appears,  
 At your time of life to commence *Supervisor*,  
 Your top-piece so hoary, and you be no wiser.  
 'Till Pentecost last, Sir, I never heard mention,  
 Of this your so foolish, so mad an intention.  
 Observe me, friend Tom, and take this for a truth,  
 You'll now be chasti'd for the sins of your youth.  
 Your gaming — your wenching — (I won't say  
     unsober,)

And laughing at me when brim full of October;  
 While you, poor and pert, like a sly cunning elf,  
 Have double dos'd me, and kept sober yourself:  
 This crime of all others, I think is the worst,  
 To give a man drink when he's ready to burst;  
 For this you'll be punish'd in this world or next,  
 I can preach like a prelate when drinking's my text.  
 You now will be puzzled with this, and with that,  
 Your Diary—your Check—and the d—I knows what;



At night you will close with your every day's work,  
 Be grave as a Jew, and proud as a Turk.  
 You will look with contempt on poor knights of the  
 stick,

At their wit you'll be weary, at mirth you'll be sick.  
 Stand off, you low fellows, I am rais'd a step higher,  
 I'll smoak with the vicar, and drink with the  
 'squire,

You would say, old friend STEPHEN, I'm sure  
 thou'rt a liar.

Put jesting apart, Tom, I often have seen,  
 Some strange sort of Fellows, (you know whom I  
 mean,)

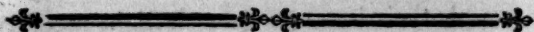
Who would think it a meanness to smile at a jest,  
 Though Wit and Good Humour pronounce it the  
 best,

You would still look as grave as an owl in the nest.  
 Red hot from the board, like Term Trotter from  
 college,

Puff'd up with conceit of his new-acquir'd knowledge;  
 Comes down an Examiner, talks about London,  
 What wonderful things are done, and what undone;  
 What poor country fools are collectors and clerks,  
 Supervisors, alas! too, are all in the dark;  
 To the summit of Wisdom how he would conduct  
 them,

If they'd condescend to ask him to instruct them.  
 As all men alive, Tom, believe themselves wise,  
 So all men sometimes will presume to advise.

Don't trouble their honours on each slight pretence,  
This disgraces a man in the eye of Good Sense ;  
The stock is unclos'd, or the column's dash'd not,  
The contents of a bye-cask perhaps is forgot ;  
Where such minute errors reported have been,  
I cannot tell whether my laughter or spleen  
Would be most excited ; but this I well know,  
That it always a mean timid genius doth shew.  
Much more I could say, but 'tis needless to you,  
I wish you success, so friend Thomas adieu.



AN

## ACROSTIC.

---

A-Species of wit the *Spectator* calls low,  
N-ot feldom squeez'd out from the brain of a beau,  
A-compound of pertness, of folly, and lies,  
C-onceitedness, dulness, and all that's unwise.  
R-hyme sometimes I have without reason or sense,  
O-r meaning, or grammar—with these I dispense;  
S-uffice it to say, without learning or wit,  
T-hought Genius or Judgment, I *always* am writ.  
I-'m prais'd by old women, and children, who ever  
C-onfess that I'm witty, and pretty, and clever.



THE  
*BATTLE of the B—DS.*

GOD prosper long our gracious Queen,  
And eke our noble King,  
The battle of the Borough-men  
The sportive muse shall sing.

But whom the wordy warriors be,  
I solemnly declare,  
As I'm a living christian man,  
I neither know or care.

*Amicus* enter'd first the lists,  
To flash his maiden sword;  
In fustian stile long time he talk'd,—  
But never spoke a word.

Lest you should think, that like *Dav. Hume*,  
I deal in paradox;  
I only mean 'tis but so, so—  
Within his knowledge-box.

I

---

Cou'd he have spoke, he wou'd have said,  
The May'r had done amiss;  
But why, or wherefore, don't appear  
Through each long-winded piece.

D. G. the champion of the May'r,  
With matchless nonsense fraught,  
In anger drew his grey goose quill,  
But not as champion ought.

\* He says *Amicus* is not wise,  
Than this no truth's more clear;  
But that himself's as much an —,  
I trust will soon appear.

No shadow of an argument  
In all his work is found;  
His style is mean, his meaning's dark  
As ten miles under ground.

Save when he puffs the faultless May'r,  
And every corp'rate member,  
His meaning's plain as is your nose,—  
He smell'd the month November.\*

---

\* The Mayor's Feast is kept on the 3th of November.

When of each bird that flits the air,  
And fish that swims in water;  
And turkies, pigs, and hens, and geese,  
Is made a mighty slaughter.

“ His Worship cannot fail to send  
“ A card of invitation :  
“ Then I shall dine, and drink, and smook,  
“ With all the Corporation.”

Of Magistrates *discretion*  
Whoever heard before ?  
Not I, in *all my line of life*,  
And hope I shall no more.

Here's periods half a mile in length,  
Succeeding one another ;  
Dull, tedious, spiritless, and poor,  
As is his elder brother.

Now heay'n preserve the worthy May'r,  
Town-clerk, and Aldermen ;  
And grant that they may never find  
Such foes—or friends again.



AN

## OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

Written for, and spoken by Mr. HOLCROFT, at Walfall  
Theatre, after the Tragedy of Mackbeth.

OF all the Shows, and Mountebags, and Plays,  
These eyes have seen in all their whole-born days,  
This same Magbeth, which I have seen, and you,  
Is sure the strangest—and the saddest too.  
Those Witches made me sweat, and fore afear'd,  
Each with a besom and a hugeous beard;  
Women wear beards to freet poor harmless folk,  
They shou'd have shav'd 'em—'tis above a joke.  
Wauns! what a steamin pot!—fich smoak and  
fingein!

It made me think of Mr. Hufsey's engine.  
Those ugly toads—I welly see 'em now,  
Trot round the kettle, and dab in the fow.  
The Tartar's lips! the Jew! and Christian Turk!  
The dog, and frog, and tuthe of measter Shurk;  
But what will sarve me all my life to brag on,  
They burn'd a piece of Deykin's great Green.  
Dragon!

Of all I've seen what freeten'd me the moost,  
Was Magbeth staring so at Bango's Ghoast;

For monny times I've shudder'd, when I've heard  
 Of Ghoasts and Witches, which my granny scar'd.  
 An old Mon's Ghoast her seed, ere he was jed,  
 Just like a bald fac'd horse—without a yed.  
 Magbeth's a villian, and I'm glad enough  
 That he was kill'd tue by the stout Macduff;  
 Our Mall was freeten'd, and began to croy,  
 Aa, thou fast empty fulish toad, says I,  
 Dost think he's jed in yarest? yea, her croys,  
 Why no, I tell thee'ts all a pack of lies.  
 One neet behind the screen I feed the show,  
 And there a hump back'd rogue fell down just so;  
 Laws! how he groan'd, and wroith'd, and hung his  
 yed,

I cou'd have sworn that he was downreet jed;  
 Yet when the green sheet drapp'd that hides the play,  
 He jump'd upon his feet—and walk'd away.

I think, now, I shou'd lother be a showman  
 Than what I am—'tis better nor a ploughman;  
 I shou'd ha' nought to due the live-long day  
 But lay me down—and sleep among the hay;  
 E'cod, I'll ax 'em—if it shou'd be so,  
 I'll quickly come again and let you know;  
 'Till then farewell—if you'd ha' me o'th' play  
 Your hands must speak—they\* dare not disobey.

---

\* Pointing to the Actors,

---

*On hearing of a Man being whipped at Shrewsbury  
for killing a Hare on a Sunday.*

---

Law grinds the poor, and rich men rule the Law.

GOLDSMITH.

---

THE time has been, each Briton uncontroul'd  
By partial laws, which mighty Nimrods frame,  
Cou'd range the woods with conscious freedom  
bold,  
In quest of that which modern times term GAME.

No haughty lord *durst* then his way impede  
To where *Sabrina* rolls his rapid tide;  
For free as him he trod the copse and mead,  
And fish'd and hunted safe on every side.

No needy villain lurking to betray,  
*Want* in his face, and in his pocket *Law*;  
No sporting justice promising him pay,  
In these blest times the happy Briton saw.

---

\* It is customary for Informers to carry Acts of Parliament  
in their pockets.



The scene is chang'd—the common rights of man  
 Fall blasted by the baleful breath of pow'r,  
 Which supercedes wise Nature's noblest plan,  
 For what *she* gave to *all* a *few* devour.

When fell *Oppression* shakes her iron wand,  
 And impious *Rapine* takes the name of *Law*,  
 When *vile* Informers swarm throughout the land,  
 Say, is it safe a British air to draw?

---

WRITTEN JANUARY 26th, 1782.

---

YE blackguards of ———, of every degree;  
Close lay down your ears, and come listen to me:—  
In ignorance born, and in villany bred,  
Ye fools are by birth, and ye're knaves till ye're  
dead;  
From youth till old age ye're confin'd to one spot,  
Ye're born not to live, but to breathe and to rot:  
Your manners are savage, your principles vile,  
More cruel than tygers, ye stab while ye smile.

Religion amongst you did ne'er make abode,  
*Self Interest*, ye worship, and that's all your god;  
Your Maker, your Parents, your Country, your  
Friends,  
You'd curse, or you'd sell—if to serve your own  
ends.

---

CALCULATED for JANUARY 30th, 1777.

---

ENGLAND cease thy lamentation,  
Hearken to the voice of Fate,

“ Thou again shalt be a nation

“ Rank'd amongst the good and great.

“ Tho' rank Jacobites and Tories

“ Long have rul'd thy hapless shore,

“ Tho' much wither'd are thy glories,

“ They shall bloom to fade no more.”

At thy fane, O sacred Freedom !

All thy sons shall soon appear,

Richmond, Abingdon, shall lead 'em,

Abject Tories come not there.



---

ODE,

Written for the Musical Society at Walsall.

---

*Set to Music.*

---

DUET.

WHEN fam'd Amphion swept the lyre,  
And animated wood and stone,  
What did he but the rude inspire  
With mild sensations like our own?

CHORUS.

This proves that harmony in days of yore  
Had over all a fascinating pow'r.

SOLO COUNTER.

Apollo, god of song and wit,  
Euterpe, sweetest of the Nine,  
Determin'd Helicon to quit,  
And springs Pierian, tho' divine.

*CHORUS in Unison—Same in Duet—Ditto in Chorus.*

With joint consent the Muse and mirthful God  
Did at Walfallia fix their blest abode.

SOLO TENOR.

When left by Euterpe as well as Apollo,  
The rest of the Sisters resolv'd were to follow,  
As nothing could please without Music to cheer,  
They left the dull scene—and are now seated here.

*SOLO BASS—Same in Chorus Recito.—Ditto full.*

Hence Mirth, and Wit, and Harmony divine,  
To please, and strike, and ravish, all combine.



CHORUS in Unison—Come to Dance—Dance in Chorus  
 With joyful voices the Muses and winged God  
 And as WALLACE his voice made noble—

SOLO TIMONIA

When led by Eurydice as Apollo  
 The rest of the Muses led him to follow  
 As nothing could please without Muses to cheer  
 They left the dull scene—and are now found here

SOLO DANCE—Come to Dance—Dance  
 Hence Muses, and Wit and Harmony divine  
 To please and make mankind all combine





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ELEGIES, &c.

---

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AN

ELEGY,

TO THE

MEMORY of Miss M. GOOSTREE,

*Who died at Sir Edward Lyttelton's, July 12th, 1783.*

---

IF yet thy gentle spirit hovers near,  
If heaven already has not claim'd its own,  
Deign to accept the tributary tear,  
Which all must pay to whom thy worth was known.

Where is that wit which every hearer charm'd?  
Those easy manners so refin'd and free?  
That native frankness which each bosom warm'd?  
Must we no more be blest with them, or thee?

K

Thy angel-form, where Virtue fix'd her throne,  
Thy chearing smiles must we no more behold?

Thy breast which melted at Misfortunes moan,  
Is that, alas! for evermore grown cold?

Nipp'd ere thy prime in life's most pleasing bloom,  
While all the Loves and Graces round thee play'd;  
So opening lilies breathe a rich perfume,  
So chill'd by sudden frost, their beauties fade.

O Lyttleton! beneath thy fostering care,  
Her virtues ripen'd as her beauties grew;  
Her ear drank geedily thy precepts rare,  
As does the parch'd earth heaven's enlivening dew.

Those white-wing'd minutes must return no more,  
When on thy accents she delighted hung;  
For now, alas! thy pleasing talk is o'er,  
And mute for ever her enchanting tongue.

---

ELEGY

ON

Mrs. P—E.

---

THE Bard, inspir'd with unaffected woe,  
 In solemn strain bids all his numbers flow,  
 His muse no more employs on trivial things,  
 Tears follow tears, and as he weeps he sings—  
 All-conqu'ring Death, who dares thy pow'r with-  
 stand!  
 Heroes and kings obey thy dread command;  
 Nor wife, nor good, from thy fell shafts are free,  
 All, all are vanquish'd, mighty Death, by thee!  
 But yet the few warm'd with thy gen'rous flame,  
 O heav'n-born maid, who bear'st Religion's name;  
 Who dare to practise thy most holy rules  
 'Spite of the scoffs of libertines and fools;



---

Who wipe the tears from weeping widows eyes,  
The stranger feeds, and stops the orphan's cries;  
Will fearless meet Death's unresisted rage,  
And all transported quit this earthly stage;  
Their souls, when freed, enraptur'd wing their flight  
Thro' worlds unknown, to realms of pure delight.  
Such P——e was—by Envy's self admir'd—  
A faint she liv'd, and like a faint expir'd.

## ELEGY

ON

Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

ALAS! no more in Freedom's glorious cause  
 His potent pen the matchless censor draws,  
 No more the darling of the tuneful Nine  
 Must strike the lyre—no more the Bard divine  
 Must give (what Merit might with justice claim,)  
 To real worth an everlasting fame;  
 Nor arm'd with Terror, scourge with Satire's rod  
 The foes of Freedom, and the foes of God.  
 For see! Britannia's wat'ry eyes deplore,  
 The fate of Churchill, now, alas! no more;  
 See! heav'n-born Freedom bows her sacred head,  
 And mourns her Guardian number'd with the dead!  
 How will the Sons of Slavery rejoice!  
 See, from her dreary den the monster Vice  
 Stalks rudely forth, and in full blaze of day  
 Of helpless Virtue makes an easy prey.

No longer aw'd by Churchill's pow'rful song,  
 See grim Oppression madly sweeps along,  
 Bearing down Freedom, who beneath her weight  
 Must sink, unless upheld by mighty Fate.  
 Oh, wou'd kind heav'n but stop her baleful course,  
 Blast all her schemes, and quite destroy the source  
 From whence she springs—fair Plenty's chearing  
 smile

Again might bless Britannia's hapless isle;  
 Then distant lands with envy might behold  
 The honest Britons no less free than bold.



OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH

OF

HENRY VERNON, Esq.

TO sooth with flattery the man of pride,  
Poor tho' I am, I'd scorn to condescend;

Then sure the Muse will deign her Bard to guide,  
Who Vernon mourns, of human-kind the friend.

From death to life did gracious heav'n allow  
That Virtue shou'd her votaries restore;

These tears (a tribute due) wou'd cease to flow  
In grief for Vernon, now, alas! no more.

By ruthless Fate condemn'd a life to lead  
Obscure, unknown, ill-suited to my mind;

Till god-like Vernon deign'd to hear me plead,  
And bad me hope a milder fate to find.

Then atl enraptur'd how I rambled o'er  
Each pleasing scene gay Fancy cou'd present ;  
And felt a blifs to me unknown before,  
The dread of want exchange'd for calm content.

The sportive Muse then slightly skim'd the lawn  
Or sipp'd from cowslips the ambrosial dew,  
Or sung the beauties of the grey-ey'd dawn,  
Ere fair Aurora rises to the view.

But envious clouds th' enchanting scene o'erspread,  
And all my fairest hopes involv'd in night ;  
For Fate had number'd Vernon with the dead,  
And cast me friendless from my fancied height.

Now to dark cells where dull Despair and Grief,  
Twin sisters, reign in solitary state,  
Pensive I wander, hopeless of relief,  
And almost murmur at unerring Fate.

But come, Philosophy, thy friendly aid  
Will, tho' it cures not, mitigate my woe ;  
And dove-like Patience, heav'n-descended maid,  
On me thy sorrow-healing balm bestow.



ON

THE DEATH

OF THE

DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

SAY, what avails the deep heart-rending sigh,  
Or all the solemn pageantry of woe?  
The throbbing bosom, or the streaming eye,  
Can these recal the irresistible blow?

Thus asks the stoic—yet for such a chief  
Can we refuse the tributary tear?  
This is the truest eloquence of grief,  
This, from th' affected, shews the friend sincere.

By all the great, by all the good confes'd,  
In war the hero, and in peace the man;  
The love of Freedom glow'd within his breast,  
Which with his love of this blest'd isle began.



When grim Rebellion rear'd her-hateful head,  
And big with ruin stalk'd across the Tweed :  
Immortal William struck the monster dead,  
And Bards unborn shall sing the glorious deed.

Cou'd spotless Virtue and unsullied Fame,  
(The choicest blessings bounteous heav'n can give,)  
Cou'd these, alas! from Death exemption claim,  
Envy must own that William ought to live.

But Fate forbids—the god-like chief is gone—  
Eternal bliss with kindred souls to share;  
In him the Patriot and the Hero shone,  
The prop of Freedom, and the plume of war.









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THE  
SEVEN CHAPTERS  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK OF THINGS;  
BEING  
*A Concise and Impartial Account*  
OF THE  
BIRMINGHAM RIOTS,  
WITH  
A Few Necessary Strictures. *b*  
BY LEVI BEN MORDECAI.

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THE  
SEVEN CHAMBERS

FIRST BOOK OF THINGS

BY

J. C. H. AND J. H. H. H.

OF THE

BIRMINGHAM RIGGS

IN

A NEW EDITION

BY J. C. H. AND J. H. H. H.

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## FIRST BOOK of THINGS.

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### CHAP. I.

NOW it came to pass that in the reign of Louis the sixteenth, the people of France groaned under the rod of oppression.

2. For the Government was despotical, and the will of the king was superior to the law.

3. On the slightest offence to the king or his minister, or his minister's concubine, and often for no offence at all of which the law could take cognizance, honest men were committed to the darkest dungeons of the Bastile.

4. Taxes the most grievous, the most partial and oppressive, were laid at the arbitrary will of the king, and his unfeeling ministers.



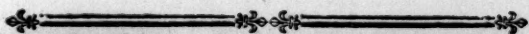
5. And the taxes were levied by the marble-hearted Farmers General, in the most-cruel manner, so that they fattened on the blood of the poor.

6. And behold, when the members of the parliament remonstrated against such iniquitous proceedings, many of them were imprisoned, and many were banished at the will of the arbitrary king.

7. And the people sighed when they reflected on the liberties which their ancestors enjoyed in the glorious reign of Henry the fourth surnamed the Great.

8. And the Protestants execrated in their hearts the infamous reign of Louis the fourteenth, who abridged their liberties, and revoked the famous Edict of Nantz, which was granted by Henry the Great.

9. For by the Edict of Nantz the Protestants were allowed to worship the God of their fathers in the way they liked best.



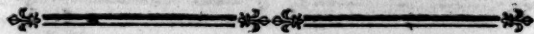
10. And the people, on comparing the times present with the times of old, perceived that their liberties were lost, that the king was become arbitrary, and themselves slaves.

11. And behold, when the friends of the people were banished and imprisoned for remonstrating, when the poor privilege of complaining was denied them, the people waxed exceeding wroth.

12. At length, on the fourteenth day of the seventh month, in the year one thousand seven hundred eighty and nine, the people arose as one man, and declared themselves free.

13. The prison, called the Bastile, the infamous engine of DESPOTISM, was levelled with the ground, and the king tottered on his throne.

14. And the guards of Lewis the king were commanded to fire at and kill the people ;



15. But they obeyed not the voice of the king, neither did they hearken to the commands of his captains and generals.

16. But they joined themselves to the oppressed people, in defence of their liberties.

17. And behold the abettors of tyranny and despotism were forely dismayed and dispersed.

18. A new constitution was framed, all titles were abolished, and equal freedom was proclaimed, so that one could not lord it over another, as was done in times past.

19. Religion was no longer a cloke for hypocrisy and knavery, superstition and rapacity.

20. The wall of partition was thrown down, and every man worshipped the God of his fathers, in the way that he thought was most acceptable unto him.



21. And behold, all TESTS but those of Honesty and Integrity were annulled, and no man on account of his religious opinions was precluded from serving in any office either civil or military.

22. Thus did twenty and six millions of people emancipate themselves from the vile shackles of Despotism and Superstition, which were forged by base and designing Tyrants and Priests on the anvil of Imposture.

23. Now all the enlightened, all the rational, and all the real friends of liberty in Great Britain and Ireland, and the isles thereof, rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

24. For the love of Freedom is natural to a Briton, yea, liberty is his birth-right, and he wisheth the whole world to enjoy it equally with himself.

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CHAP. II.

1. NOW it came to pass in the one and thirtieth year of the reign of George the third, that the Sons of Liberty, in the town of Birmingham, in the province of Warwick, agreed to meet at the house of Dadley the publican.

2. And the design of the meeting was to celebrate the Anniversary of the glorious French Revolution, which was on the fourteenth day of the seventh month.

3. And the following Song was composed for the Occasion, by a friend of Liberty both civil and religious.

4. And the tune of the Song was, "When all the attic fire was fled".

5. WHEN tyrants did in Gaelia reign,  
When slavery hugg'd her galling chain,  
Scarce hoping to be free;  
Uprose Voltaire, the first of men,  
With more than magic in his pen,  
And taught the blind to see.

6. When Britain, in a luckless hour,  
Inflam'd with lust of lawless pow'r,  
Her children's slav'ry plann'd;  
Their Gallic friends to Freedom true,  
Across the vast ATLANTIC flew  
To save a sinking land.

7. Now warm'd with Freedom's holy flame,  
They scorn'd vile Slav'ry's odious name,  
And Truth's bright standard rear'd;  
Then each enlighten'd son of Gaul,  
Enraptur'd heard the Goddess call,  
And at her call appear'd.

8. When Truth with Freedom did appear,  
Pale Superstition shrunk with fear,  
And fell Oppression fled;  
Tho' Despotism strove to rise,  
With wild-fire flashing from her eyes,  
Bold Fayette struck her dead.



9. O sacred Freedom ! Heav'n-born maid,  
This day shall true devoirs be paid,  
By millions to thy name;  
Without thee what's Golconda's wealth,  
Or genius, wit, or rosy health?  
Or what the brightest flame?

10. O may thy sons encrease each hour,  
'Till that foul fiend Despotie Power,  
Is to oblivion hurl'd;  
Then true Philosophy shall reign,  
Then Science shall bold Truth maintain,  
And Peace shall bless the world.

11. But behold a few days before the meeting, certain hand-bills were distributed about, and the hand-bills were full of gall and bitterness.

12. A certain great Person was highly reflected on, even the ruler of the people, and some said that the writer was Priestley, the Doctor of Law ;

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13. But others believed that the writer was a son of Belial, and one of the Priests of Baal, a descendent of the bloody Bonner, who flourished in the detestable days of Mary the Queen.

14. The style of the Hand-bill was not like the stile of Priestley, the first Philosopher in Europe, but was more like that of an ignorant journeyman Priest.

15. Nevertheless, the minds of the wicked, the ignorant, and the bigotted, were inflamed, and they insulted the Sons of Liberty as they went to the house of Dadley the publican.

16. But their insults they resented not, neither did they reply unto them, but they compassionated their ignorance, and their wickedness they winked at.

17. For they were composed of the dregs of the people, and all those who encouraged them were the off-scouring and scum of the earth.

18. And behold, the Magistrates met in the yard of the new church and communed together.

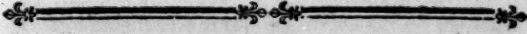
19. And they came unto the house of Dadley, where the mob was assembled, and advised every man to depart to his own home.

20. Three times did the Magistrates attend before the house of Dadley the Publican, but the mob hearkened not to their persuasions, neither did they regard their threatenings.

21. The windows of the house of Dadley they demolished, and they threw stones at the Magistrates, who ran away like as a flock of harmless sheep runneth before the ravenous wolves.

22. And behold, the multitude became frantic with rage, and were taught to cry aloud, CHURCH AND KING! CHURH AND KING! just as their impious fore-fathers cried in the days of Sacheverel of infamous and JACOBITISH memory.





23. Albeit the Church and King were in no danger, for they were both as secure as law and power could render them ;

24. But the King's peace was disturbed and broken, and the laws trampled on in a most horrid manner by his pretended but hypocritical friends.

25. For the real friends of the King will reverence the laws and preserve the peace.



C H A P. III.

1. NOW it came to pass that the furious and implacable spirit of bigotry and superstition possessed the rabble, and they ran like furies to the house of the Lord of Hosts, called the New Meeting, and set it on fire.

2. Dreadful and tremendous was the flame thereof, and the smoke ascended to heaven like as the smoke of a furnace,

3. And the shouting of the mob was like the shouting of the mad Bacchanals when they celebrated the Orgies of their God.

4. And behold when they had destroyed the New Meeting, they ran along the streets huzzaing and hallooing like the inhabitants of *Bedlam*, until they came to the Old Meeting, which they quickly destroyed in like manner as they had done the New Meeting.

5. In their hats were ribbands of blue, and in their hands were bludgeons of wood, and those who opposed them they felled to the ground.

6. Now the sons of Beliel were, if possible, madder than before, and they roared aloud  
CHURCH AND KING! DOWN WITH THE ROUND-HEADS.

7. And their roaring was like the roaring of the mad Bulls of *Basan* in time of old.

8. And the stately Dwellings of *Ryland* and *Ruffel*, and *Taylor* and *Hutton*, and *Priestley* the Doctor, were all burned with fire, or otherwise destroyed.

9. And the ruins were shocking to behold, for they appeared like the ruins of *Lisbon*, when the Lord God visited that City with an Earth-quake.

10. And behold, the loss which *Priestley* the Philosopher sustained was irreparable, because of his manuscripts.



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11. All his Philosophical Apparatus, with the labour of many years, were destroyed by a band of ruffians more merciless and cruel than the barbarous Goths and Vandals, who sacked Rome when Pelagius was Bishop thereof.

12. But what was much more horrible than burning and plundering his house and study, the infernal and infatuated Miscreants, forgetting the mild and noble nature of Englishmen, thirsted for his blood, but the God of his fathers preserved him.

13. Now, in order to give a colour to their iniquity, an atrocious deed, a crime of the blackest dye, was committed.

14. Letters were forged and read, purporting to be the Letters of the Doctor or his friends, wherein a design to dethrone the King, blow up the Parliament, and abolish the Taxes, was pretended to be found.

15. And behold, the dark design of the execrable monster who forged the Letters was in part answered,

16. For the Rioters were exasperated to madness, and behold they burned and plundered many houses in the country, for though RELIGION and LOYALTY were at first their pretence, it was found that PLUNDER was their principal object.

17. And behold, many of the Rioters were found dead in the ruins of the house of RYLAND, having died in a state of drunkenness and suffocation.



CHAP. IV.

1. NOW were the men of Birmingham amazed at their own supineness and indifference, in suffering a lawless crew to commit such horrid devastations.

2. And every man reproached his neighbour with cowardice, or treachery, or bigotry, or superstition ;

3. But some were inwardly rejoiced, and said in their hearts, now shall we see our desire on our enemies, for they are Unitarians, and God has forsaken them.

4. But the Lord will never forsake the Unitarians, they are a chosen people, and the true worshippers of the one God.

5. Remembering what was said in old time by Moses the Law giver, Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord.





6. But it pleased the Almighty ONE to endue the Man Christ Jesus with Wisdom, and Virtue, and Power.

7. And behold he taught Men the way of Salvation, and many believed him to be the SENT of God.

8. His doctrine consisted of the plainest precepts in the plainest language, so that they who run might read.

9. For his word was with power, and all the unprejudiced were convinced, because his doctrine was consistent with reason and the nature of things.

10. The finest system of morals which the world hath ever seen was promulgated by him.

11. And the truth of his mission he sealed with his blood :

And the following are some of the words which he used when speaking of himself.



12. I can of my ownself do nothing.

13. My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me.

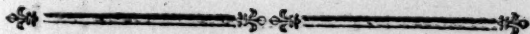
14. The words that I speak to you I speak not of myself, but the Father who dwelleth in me, he doth the works.

15. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

This is the plain account of himself.

16. But all the dark, all the mysterious, and all the contradictory sayings of Athanasius concerning him shall be exploded,

17. And TRUTH, sacred and holy TRUTH, shall eventually reign triumphant over Error and Superstition, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.



CHAP. V.

1. YE Men of Birmingham, henceforth hearken to the voice of Reason and of Charity, and learn to know, that *Opinion* alone is but of small estimation in the sight of God.

2. For without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if ye have not CHARITY, how can you possess HOLINESS?

3. We condemn no Man on account of his Opinion, whether he be Jew, or Pagan, or Mahometan, or Christian of whatever sect.

4. Whether he be Arian or Socinian, Calvinist or Lutheran, Arminian, or Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent.

5. We have equal charity for you all, not doubting but if ye be men of good lives and sober conversation that ye will be easy here and happy hereafter.



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6. The man who is wrong in opinion is an object of pity and not of anger, and beside, who art thou that judgest another?

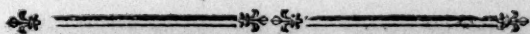
7. To be wrong in opinion *may* be a misfortune but *can* be no crime, when argument is opposed to argument who shall decide?

8. No man, or body of men, for all are equally fallible.

9. This consideration alone is sufficient to teach us humility; it should teach us to exercise charity one towards another, for we are all alike obnoxious to err.

10. Some men of warm tempers will say, this man is conceited, and that man is obstinate.

11. But calling names is not argument, for if it were, how easily might an opponent retort, you are ignorant and dogmatical?

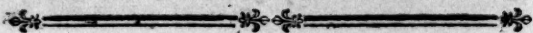


12. If we cannot keep the unity of faith, let us not break the bonds of peace, and let every man judge for himself.

13. But be ye not afrighted at bug-bears, invented and set up by designing men, on purpose to hold your minds in subjection to *Superstition*, and themselves.

14. Search after the TRUTH, and embrace and reverence it where-ever it be found ; defend it with steadiness, but not with violence, for violence worketh no good.

15. Always remembering this maxim, that Error is temporary, but Truth is eternal, and will prevail.



CHAP. VI.

1. NOW the Men of Birmingham were divided in opinion, concerning the real cause of the riots, and some attributed them to one cause, and some to another.

2. The bigots, and Men of violent passions, and weak understandings, insinuated that Priestley the Doctor was the author of the inflammatory hand-bill.

3. Moreover, they said that he was an Heathen, and a Republican, and also that he was an enemy to the King, and the Constitution.

4. Now all these slanders, and lies were invented and propagated by the priests, who imagined that their craft was in danger, because the Doctor sought a repeal of the Act called the *Test*.



5. And because he wrote in a manly style on the subject unto William the Chancellor, surnamed the Tory.

6. And behold, a priest of the tribe of *Tatham* joined himself unto them.

7. He was a keeper of old books, his business was to preserve them from being eaten by the spiders and the worms, those arch-enemies of ancient learning.

8. And behold, this man was so wise, that he could almost distinguish the difference betwixt a verb and a substantive.

9. And a certain wise-acre, almost as knowing as himself, persuaded him that he was born to be a great Author, and a great Man.

10. Because his mother, when she went with-child of him, had seven times dreamed that she was brought to bed of a mitre.

11. So he fell to writing, without either order, or method, or design : and he produced the strangest farrago that has been seen or heard, since the destruction of the tower of Babel.

12. And behold, he raved about Fox, and Sheridan, and the King, and the King's son.

13. And he said, that the King was wise, and pious, and honest, and no man contradicted him.

14. And behold, this *Apostle of Loyalty*, raved about the coalition, and about Edmund Burke the Irishman, who, in his huge pamphlet most aptly compareth *Sentiment* unto *porridge*.

15. Moreover, in his ravings he affirmed, that two Apostles of Liberty were refuted, without any answer.

16. And the admirers of Tatham thought it was wonderful, and others said he was a liar.

17. And behold he said, that the *Rights of Man* is a *phantom*, which is a nothing, or a non-entity.

18. Now this doctrine is more subversive of Liberty and the Constitution, than any thing which was said by the Doctor's great predecessor Sacheverel, of precious memory.

19. But the learned Doctor is a man of no consequence, and what he writeth no man regardeth.

20. For some believe him to be nothing but a peevish old woman, in the habit of a man, so his impotent threats they despise, and his profound ignorance they pity.

21. Now behold, the priests, headed by old Mother Tatham, intrenched themselves behind their Creeds, and their Articles, and they shot ink at the Doctor Priestley, but he smiled at their feeble efforts to hurt him.





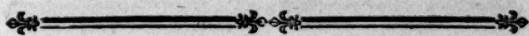
22. And behold, the anger of all the old women, and children, and 'prentice boys, and 'prentice girls, was kindled against the Doctor.

23. Because of the howlings and bleatings of the priests, whose bleatings were like the bleatings of the calves of *Jeroboam*, the son of *Nebat*.

24. And behold, the dæmon of Discord possessed them, and they roared out **CHURCH AND KING! CHURCH AND KING!**

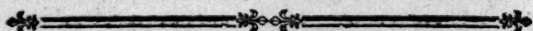
25. The Church they always place before the King, for the Church, tho' it be a vague term, yet in their language means only themselves.

26. And though they are compelled by the law, to acknowledge the King, as supreme Head of the Church, yet they impudently put the Church, that is themselves, before him.



27. Even as *Woolsey* the Cardinal, the son of a butcher, was wont to say, *Ego et Rex meus*, which being interpreted is, *I and my King*.

28. And this is a strong proof of their extreme modesty, as well as of their profound loyalty.



CHAP. VII.

1. NOW it came to pass, that messengers were sent unto George the King, to inform him of the riots, and the words which were spoken by the rabble, and their priests.

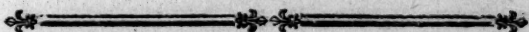
2. And behold, the King was sorely displeased, when he heard thereof.

3. And he called unto him his counsellors, and his wise men, and said unto them,

4. Tidings have been received from the Town of Birmingham, in the Province of Warwick, that the rabble, instigated by the sons of Belial, have burned, and laid waste the Temples, where the God of our Fathers was worshipped.

5. The houses of my faithful subjects they have pillaged; and some they have destroyed with fire.





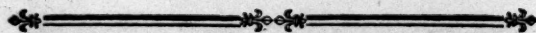
6. Ruin and defolation have overspread the villages, and my people are filled with terror and dismay.

7. And the King said, let horse-men three-score, and foot-men five hundred, be sent with all speed to quell the foul disturbers of my realm.

8. For behold, I am not the King of a faction, or of a few, who may insolently call themselves my best friends, and at the same time break my laws.

9. I am the King and the father of a whole people ; and as the Almighty permits men to hold different opinions, why should not I ?

10. Do not my people of Scotland embrace opinions in some respects contrary to my own ? but is that any reason why they should be plundered, or I should dislike them ?



11. Are not the greater part of my people of Ireland, in the same situation? and am I not the King and father of them all?

12. Was not our dearly beloved Queen, the wife of our bosom, bred in a different opinion to ours? but ought I to dislike her on that account?

13. Know ye, that a bigot to any religious opinion, is a friend only to himself, and his own sect; but a good king, as I told you before, is the friend and father of all his peaceable subjects.

14. So the soldiers were sent, as the king commanded, and peace and order were restored, in the town of Birmingham, and the neighbourhood thereof.

15. Now the rest of the acts of the rioters, behold they are written in the calenders of the gaolers of Worcester and of Warwick.

